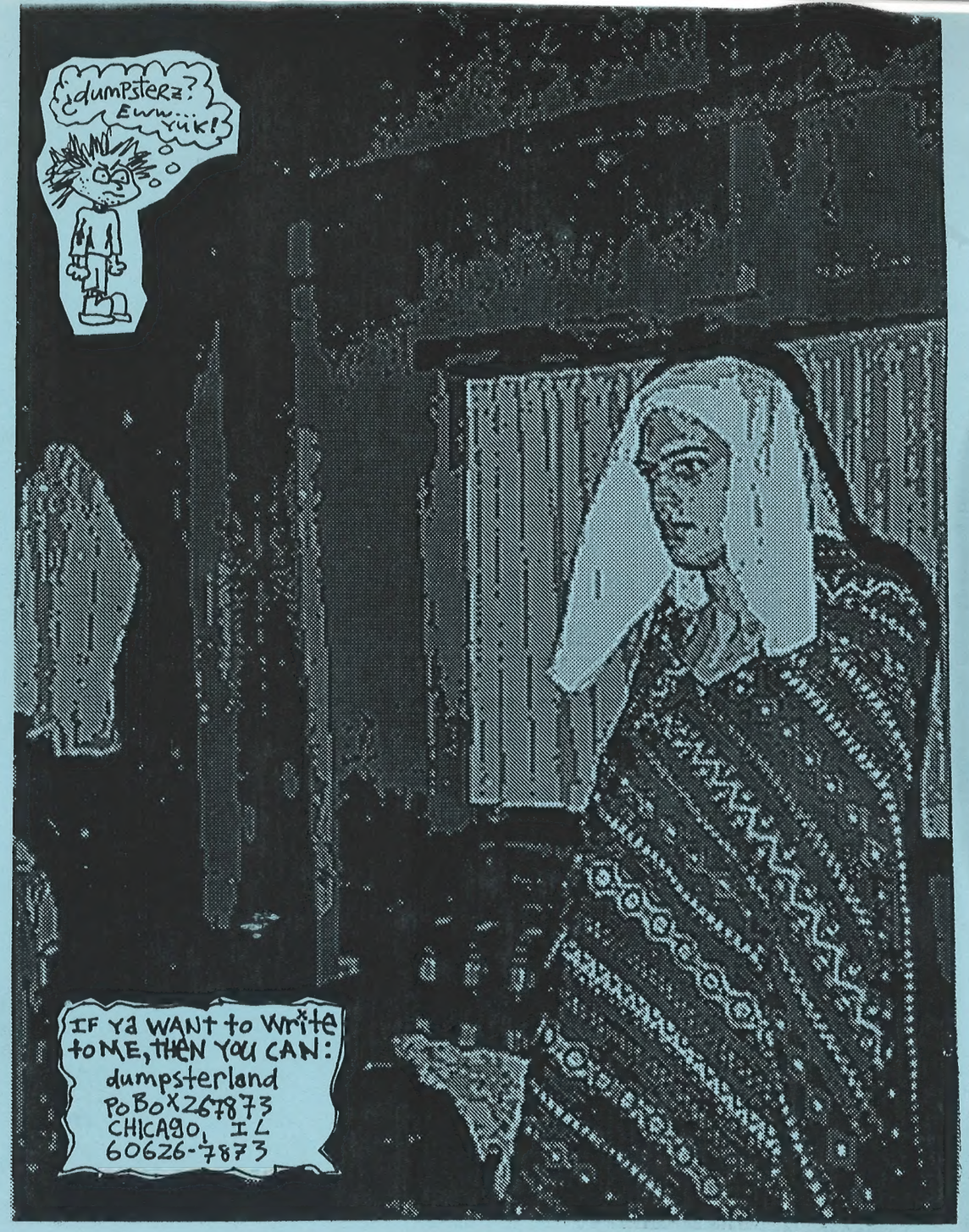
dumpsterland

CAUTION

DO NOT PLAY ON OR AROUND

#7

$3.00



WELCOME TO:

DUMPSTERLAND

POP: 38677837

MAYOR DAVE DUMPSTERDUMMY

THERE COMES A TIME WHEN EVERY GOOD LITTLE PUNK MUST HIT THE ROAD. A TIME TO PACK SOME SHIT TOGETHER AND LEAVE, AND IT HAPPENS TO SOME MORE TH-AN OTHERS. IT'S THAT TIME FOR ME AGAIN! I HAD MADE A BIG ROADIE PLAN, BUT, OF COURSE THE TOUR FELL APART. SO I TURNED TO GREYHOUND TO GET MORE AND MORE ANXIOUS TO GET THE F... OUTTA HERE AS THE LOONG DAYS TICK BY. ALSO, I KNOW I'M GONNA MISS MY FRIENDS, BUT THAT'S O.K... IT'S NOT LIKE I'LL NEVER SEE THEM AGAIN, BUT THAT'S REALLY NOT THE POINT. ANYWAY, I'VE BEEN WANT ING TO ROADIE FOR A LONG TIME NOW, ESPECIALLY THIS SUMMER ('94), AND THIS IS WAT FINALLY PANNED OUT FOR ME. I'M EXCITED... WELL, THIS IS ALSO THE 'ZINE/7" PACKAGE DEAL I TALKED ABOUT. IT'S POSSIBLE ONLY CUZ JOHANNS FACE RECORDS MADE IT SO. HOW 'BOUT A GOOD ROUND OF APPLAUSE, HUH? IT WAS PRETTY NEAT PRESSURING A BAND TO GIVE ME THEIR D.A.T. N' SHIT, THEN TO CALL THEM AND ASK, "SO IT'S TRAC 5, DEFINETLY?" AND BEING ANSWERED, "IT'S REALLY COMING OUT?" IT'S A PRETTY GOOD FEELING. WELL SOMETHING LIKE THAT. THERE'S SOME MORECH-ANGES STARTING WITH #8, I'M NOT DOING ANY MORE 'ZINE REVIEWS. NOT CUZ I DON'T WANT TO SUPPORT OTHER 'ZINES, BUT READING 'EM FEELS LIKE A FUCKING CHORE, AND THAT REALLY SUCKS. ALSO, I'M NOT RUNNING FREE ADS ANYMORE, EXCEPT FOR OTHER <u>ZINES</u> THAT I <u>LIKE</u> AND WANNA <u>TRADE</u> SPACE WITH ME. I MIGHT DO ADS FOR PEOPLE WHO'LL DISTRO. MY MAGS, BUT I HAVEN'T YET DECIDED. I'M MOST LIKELY GO-ING TO QUIT DOING INTERVIEWS ALTOGETHER, UNLESS A TRULY UNIQUE SITUATION ARISES. SO ALL YOU HOPEFUL BANDS OUT THERE... TOO BAD! I REALLY DO **NOT** WANT DUMPSTERLAND TO BE-COME A FUCKING WALKING AD-VERTISMENT, SO MOST LIKELY, I WILL STOP ADS COMPLETLY. HA-HA-NO $ FOR YOU OR ME! WELL, THERE'S NUTHIN' LEFT TO SAY EXCEPT OF COURSE, FUCK YOU!

DUMPSTER DIVING

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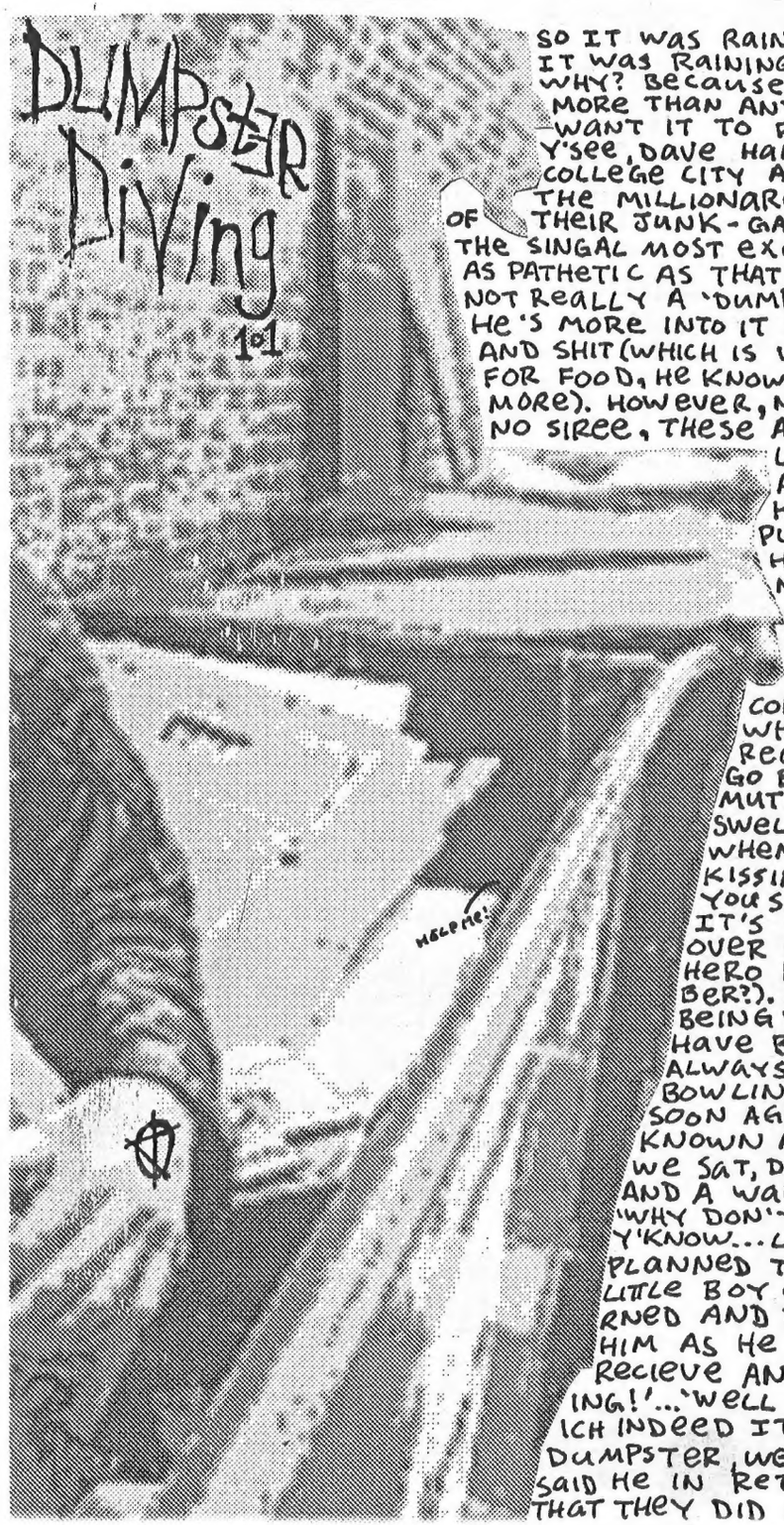
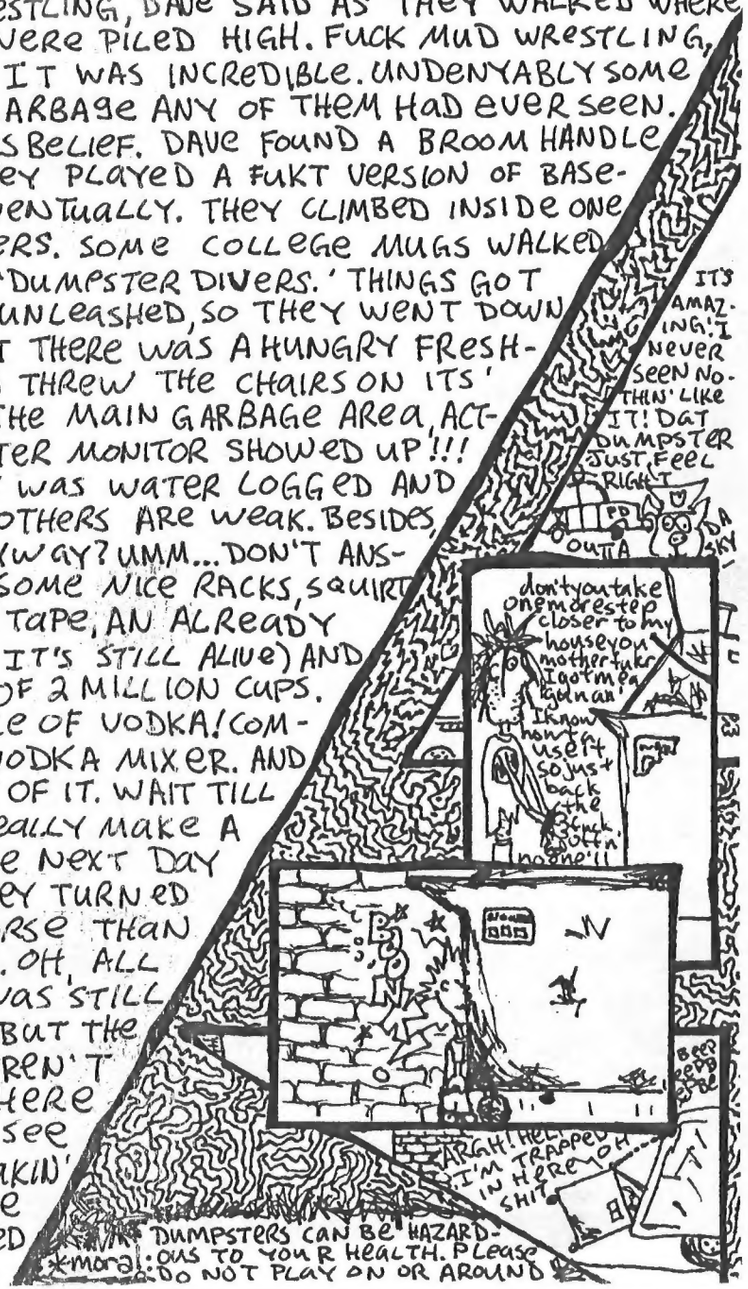


SO IT WAS RAINING. WHAT THE FUCK, OF COURSE IT WAS RAINING, AND DO YOU WANT TO KNOW WHY? BECAUSE THAT WAS THE ONE DAY MORE THAN ANY OTHER THAT DAVE DID NOT WANT IT TO RAIN, THAT'S FUCKING WHY! Y'SEE, DAVE HANGS OUT IN A RITSY SHITSY COLLEGE CITY AND ON THIS DAY WAS WHEN THE MILLIONARE STUDENTS TOSS OUT ALL OF THEIR JUNK - GARBAGE DAY! QUITE POSSIBLY THE SINGAL MOST EXCITING DAYS OF DAVE'S LIFE, AS PATHETIC AS THAT SOUNDS. TO EXPLAIN, DAVE'S NOT REALLY A 'DUMPSTER-TO-SURVIVE' KINDA KID. HE'S MORE INTO IT FOR FUN AND STUPID JUNK AND SHIT (WHICH IS WHY HE DOESN'T SCROUNGE FOR FOOD, HE KNOWS OTHER PEOPLE NEED IT MORE). HOWEVER, NOT AT THE SEMESTERS END. NO SIREE, THESE ARE THE FEW TIMES WHEN LITTLE DAVEY DUMPSTERBOY ACTUALLY STOCKS UP, LETS HIS HAIR DOWN AND REALLY PUTS SOME AXEL GREASE INTO HIS GARBAGE PICKING, AND HENCE, WALKS AWAY WITH QUITE A KILLING (NOTE: SLOGAN SENTANCE EXTRORDINAIRE!)!!! SO THE RAIN CAME DOWN N' POOR DAVE SAT THERE, DRINKING COFFEE AND WONDERING JUST WHAT THE QUICKEST WAY TO DIE REALLY WAS. 'HOW 'BOUT WE JUS' GO BOWLING?' ONE OF DAVEY-BOYS MUTINOUS FRIENDS PIPED. ANGER SWELLED UP INSIDE HIM, LIKE WHEN YOU SEE AN EX-LOVER KISSING SOMEONE ELSE, EVEN IF YOU SAY YOU HATE EACHOTHER, IT'S THE FEELING THAT NOW IT'S OVER FOR REAL. THAT'S HOW OUR HERO FELT (DAVE IS OUR HERO REMEMBER?). AHH... BUT DAVE'S FRIENDS, BEING WHO THEY ARE, WHO THEY HAVE BEEN AND WHO THEY WILL ALWAYS BE DIDN'T AGREE TO GO BOWLING OR ANYTHING ELSE AND SOON AGREED ON THE USUAL PLACE KNOWN AS, 'I DON'T CARE.' SO THERE WE SAT, DOING THE 'I DON'T CARE' THING AND A WAITING DAVE, BIDDING HIS TIME. 'WHY DON'T WE JUST GO DUMPSTER? Y'KNOW... LIKE WE HAD ORIGINALLY PLANNED TO DO?' SPOKE A HOPEFUL LITTLE BOY CALLED DAVE. ALL EYES TURNED AND PEERED AND BORE INTO HIM AS HE ANXIOUSLY AWAITED TO RECIEVE AN ANSWER. 'BUT IT'S RAINING!'... 'WELL THE RAIN HAS LET UP, -WHICH INDEED IT HAD - AND IF WE DON'T GO DUMPSTER, WE COULD MUD-WRESTLE!' SAID HE IN RETORT KNOWING FULL WELL THAT THEY DID IN FACT WANT TO GO AND MUD-WRESTLE & THAT THE BEST MUDDY FIELD WAS BEHIND WHERE ALL THE DUMPSTERS WERE AT. THEN DAVE GOT NERVOUS. HAD HE SPOKEN UP TOO SOON? WERE HIS FRIENDS STILL IN THE 'NOTHING-SOUNDS-OKAY' MODE? BUT THEN ONE OF THEM SHRUGGED HER SHOULDERS IN THE 'IT'S UP TO YOU OTHER PERSON' WAY. SO OTHER-PERSON MUTTERED, "UH ...ALRIGHT. THAT'S COOL. JUS' LEMME FINISH MY SMOKE FIRST." DAVE HAD DONE IT! FUCK MUD-WRESTLING, DAVE SAID AS THEY WALKED WHERE THE MOUNDS OF TRASH WERE PILED HIGH. FUCK MUD WRESTLING, LOOK AT ALL THIS STUFF! IT WAS INCREDIBLE. UNDENYABLY SOME OF THE MOST VALUABLE GARBAGE ANY OF THEM HAD EVER SEEN. THEY LOOKED AROUND IN DISBELIEF. DAVE FOUND A BROOM HANDLE AND A TENNIS BALL SO THEY PLAYED A FUKT VERSION OF BASEBALL AND LOST 2 BALLS, EVENTUALLY. THEY CLIMBED INSIDE ONE OF THE GAZILLION DUMPSTERS. SOME COLLEGE MUGS WALKED BY. 'OH LOOK,' SAID THE GIRL, 'DUMPSTER DIVERS.' THINGS GOT SILLY. A FEW CHAIRS WERE UNLEASHED, SO THEY WENT DOWN TO THE LAKE, DESIDED THAT THERE WAS A HUNGRY FRESH-WATER LAKE MONSTER AND THREW THE CHAIRS ON ITS' HEAD. THEY WERE ABOUT THE MAIN GARBAGE AREA, ACTING STUPID WHEN A COMPUTER MONITOR SHOWED UP!!! NO SHIT! UNFORTUNATLY, IT WAS WATER LOGGED AND HEAVY, AND DAVE AND THE OTHERS ARE WEAK. BESIDES, WHO NEEDS A MONITOR ANYWAY? UMM... DON'T ANSWER THAT! THEY DID GET SOME NICE RACKS, SQUIRT GUNS, PAPER CLIPS, A SPANISH TAPE, AN ALREADY WATERED PLANT (TO DATE IT'S STILL ALIVE) AND SOMEWHERE IN THE RANGE OF 2 MILLION CUPS. OH... AND A HALF FULL BOTTLE OF VODKA! COMPLETE WITH A BOTTLE OF VODKA MIXER. AND THAT WAS JUST THE START OF IT. WAIT TILL TOMORROW! MAN, WE'LL REALLY MAKE A HUGH HALL TOMORROW. THE NEXT DAY THEY WENT BACK. AS THEY TURNED THE CORNER, IT WAS WORSE THAN THEY COULD'VE IMAGINED. OH, ALL THE TRASH, AND MORE, WAS STILL THEIR FOR THE TAKING, BUT THE COPS HAD COME. THEY WEREN'T ON A BEAT, THEY WERE THERE TO STAY. THEY WENT TO SEE HOW THE MONSTER WAS MAKIN' OUT. COPS. COPS. COPS. DAVE WISHED HE HAD DUMPSTERED A GUN. COPS. COPS. COPS...



*moral: DUMPSTERS CAN BE HAZARDOUS TO YOUR HEALTH. PLEASE DO NOT PLAY ON OR AROUND

13 Waze To Know Yer Punk BABY LOVES YA!

1. When you fuck in a dumpster and she just smiles at you before and after.
2. When you're both hell drunk at a party that gets busted and she holds you up for hours walking around trying to find a ride.
3. Being at the same party, both of you need to piss REAL bad so you pee at the same time in the same toliet.
4. When she lets you insert her tampon cuz she doesn't feel like doing it herself.
5. When she takes beer from a drunk skinhead who's hitting on her, only to ditch that loser and drinks it with you later.
6. When she starts kicking your ass, you get worried that she's seriously gonna hurt you, she does but says, "I love you" while doing it.
7. You're asleep and outta no where she comes in, lays down next to you and just waits till you get up.
8. When she's no longer afraid to touch your filthy fuckin' hair and hug your filthy fuckin' body, no matter how bad you smell.
9. Her clothes seeming to be as ratty and shitty as yours, you look again, and realize they are.
10. Returning to that dumpster and finding both of your initials grafitti'd in it in her handwriting.
11. When she steals stuff from her work to give to you.
12. When she buys you coffee...

Well, it's a little late in the issue now for an intro.-thing, but I thought maybe you'd like to know some of the what's what with this issue. Yes, it's a split project with a 7 inch. Personally, I think it fuckin rules! I had each band do an insert page with the lyrix or whatever. I spread them all out, in order of apperance, within the zine. They're marked with that slanted dotted 'CAUTION'and'NOTICE' dumpster-sticker... Since #6 took almost a year to do, I guess that technically this could be my 2 year anniversary with dumpsterland. But that's so dang cheesy that celebration crap of x-number of years. So this is only #7. Nothing else. I left the state for quite a while on Greyhound and went all over the place. I was a long time gone, but not long enough. I saw a lot of places, but still, not enough. Traveling, and just being on the road, I got a small glimpse of all there is to see in this big ole country. Unfortunatly, I saw it out of a window going about 70 mph. There's so much to see. So much space. It really was incredible. I have a feeling that I won't be able to stay here, in Chicago for too many extended periods of time. Hmm...we'll see, won't we? Obviously, there's a story all about my traveling and experiences, so I'll shut up about it for now...Anyway, I'm trying out some new styles of writing for me, such as in the dumpster diving story, in here. Let me know what you think. But, if it totally sucks badly, let me know easily cuz I am a little bit self-conscience about it. I know I should be 'confident' about what I write and the way I write it, but fuck you, I'm not...In the past, I have had a lot of local 'scene' news and the like, but I'm not doing that anymore. I think that if someone wants to know what's going on with whatever bands new record, that they'll be able to find out easily enuff. That and two thousand assembly line rumors and other shit-talk dirt about everyone punk, alive or dead. I hope I'm a scene wrecker becuz I refuse to buy into the punk-net of rumors. I'll find out soon enough(and laugh out loud, not doin' anything about it). I figure that if people wanna make up fibs n' stuff, then they will no matter what anyone does. Why should I get defensive about it?or even acknowledge it? It'll only put an other log on the fire...Fuck it, man! Burn the rumor system down!

MAIL I GOT:

Mr. Dave Dumpsterland,

This is the worst part and usually the corny part of the letter, starting it. Well, my name's Tine and I live in Lombard(really close to good ole' McGregors). My friend Michelle has been telling me about your zine for a long ass time and I finally got a hold of one at the Weasel show. It's pretty damn great shit...I've always heard about the dumpsterland zine and shows you had all the time from Michelle, but now I finally now what it's all about. The McGregor shows and others in the area all were really getting shitty. The groups were great, but the people were all at such a great distance. Things seem to be getting at little better now though. I just think all these little groups inside the bigger scene group has got to go. I'll shut up about that. I could go on forever.

I showed my parents your zine. They think it's the best. You first have to understand that my parents aren't your normal parents. I'd say a good 70% of the things in our house have been dumpster picked. Some of our finds include good TV's,VCR,a shit load of power tools, and other tool, vacuum cleaners, a million lawnmowers(but not one works), pictures, furniture, patio furniture. My best find was 13 crates full of record albums. Usually when I go to the city I go dumpster diving with the homeless folks at the Belmont and Clark area. We've found more Spanish books than food though. When I was a little tot, my parents usually had me go do the dumpster diving since I could crawl around easier...

Hey. I think Herb the Little Nazi crow migrates to my house a lot. Every time I go in my back yard, we have this killer crow that swoops out of the trees and tries to hit me. He's only been successful once. He knocked me down and started scratching me with his claws and pecking me. Just about two weeks ago he attacked two of my cats, ripping the shit out of one of them. He also attacked our neighbors little 4 year old. Everyone's trying to shoot the little bastard, but now he has disappeared. Maybe he's going to visit you again!

Thanks for your time, Tina

Dear Dave D.,

In Vol. #6 of your exquisite publication "Dumpsterland" there is a **GREAT OMISSION!** On page _? you have a map of Union Pier(whose abbreviation U.P. **REALLY** means Upper Peninsula in the estate of Michigan)that **DOES NOT** include the charcoal pit!

Shame, Shame, I. Are.

DEAR I. ARE,
THE CHARCOAL PIT'S THERE, IT'S JUST NOT MARKED. OOPS...

To the Dumpsterland zine,

Hi. My name's Rob. I read about you in MRR's Book Your Own Fuckin' Life. Bla Bla Bla. Well, instead of ending the letter their and having it be a shitty waste of our time, I'll tell you bout my adventures in dumpsters. When I was 10, I was a dirty smelly fuck. I had a friend like that, too. We lived in an apartment complex. There were about 40 dumpsters there. That's all we did with our lives, Search for shit in dumpsters. Which is more than I'm doing now! Wait, not real shit! We would find some cool stuff. We found a broken surf board, nudey books, a cracked bowling ball, and a whole bunch of broken appliances. But the thing we liked doing the most was finding bottles out of dumpsters and throwing them on the tennis courts, just to piss people off. But my greatest memory of a dumpster was when we found 3 mattresses and made a little house inside the dumpster. Our moms brought us lunch in our house and we stayed there for 3 hours. Then we got bored and peed on an ant hill. We were 10. I should have ended the letter at the beginning. Signing off or getting off.

yur friend, Rob

DEAR ROB,
THAT'S RAD! YOU'RE RAD! RAD RAD RAD! I FEEL TICKELLY INSIDE AFTER READING THAT. HOPE YOU LIKE THE 'ZINE THAT I SENT YOU.

JUST PLAIN GETTING OFF,
DAVE D.

In regard to your "Str8-Edge Rulez" and "Unity:because we never stand together" articles. I'm very pissed off, offended and in a sense, hurt by what you said in both articles, but instead of coming up with 100 insults on your punk lifestyle, I'm going to argue this sickening generalization and attack on one of the most important parts of my life, the sXe movement, basically because it seems that in 'zines, conversations, etc. etc. all that is done are mindless attacks on each other and hopefully this response can start to bridge the communication gap.

The first point I will attack and defend is the sarcastic comment on the location of the show "Nice upper-class suburbs." I hate to break it to you, but I regularly attend both punk and hardcore shows(as odd as that might be)and both HC and punk shows have been located in poor as fuck to rich as fuck areas and there's no denying, 2nd it shouldn't matter where a punk or hardcore is, it's the attitude and the heart of the kids that matter.

2.)Second Point. You have absolutely no right to criticize the feelings or emotions that bands have about their music. Whether it's HC, punk, jazz, blues, metal, rap etc. etc. in all styles bands have ways of expressing the way they feel when they play and NO ONE has the right to criticize their expression. Admittedly, all music has posers who think they should look and do certain things when they play, but usually you can tell by the mood, and even those people usually end up maturing and feeling dumb later.(The comment about Sid[Vicious]: HC derives from punk and is punk so why the fuck would you print that sarcastic bullshit? It only helps divide the 2 styles).

3.)"Green with envy at the str8-edge unity" The way you go about criticizing this almost makes this comment seem true. Str8-edge kids come in all shapes and sizes, just like punks, skins, or any other group so please end these generalizations. They are as ignorant as saying,"I wasn't black enough with the hip hoppers at the Tribe Called Quest show."

4.)"I'll incorporate a die-hard Republican set of morals" What?! There's probably 1/4 of a handful of kids with these views, and it is mostly frowned on by other sXe kids. I'm not going to pretend that hearing that doesn't make me want to murder you. It's the equivalent to telling a Jewish person they have taken on a nazi's set of morals and is also another generalization. In fact, the reason I abstain from alcohol, tobacco and drugs, not to mention meat, is because I don't want to be controlled by upper-class Republican trash(see 1984), because I am against these industries targeting the...lower class minorities not to mention their exploitation of women. In fact this one comment is so ignorant to the fact of the political movement sXe has become it shows that you have not actually, on a non-argumentative basis, talked to more than probably 4 or 5 str8-edge kids or gone to see or listen to the bands that are playing today.

5.)On your Unity pg. you claim that this was aimed at 7 people and I can understand that. The problem is that you just pissed off kids who didn't and you made so many generalizations that anyone who's never talked to a str8-edge kid has their mind made up that we all suck, and are nothing but a bunch of "macho jock's" which believe it or not is a myth.

6.)I can think of about 3 people who's main concern is who's nailed to the X. Another sign that you haven't seen the political/emotional side of sXe....

7.)The rest of the thing. You print an article like Str8 Edge rules and you wonder why people think you're anti-edge. All you have to do is read the title to be insulted,...You've generalized every sXe kid in the world...You're insulting something that people have based their lifestyle around, to some the most important thing in their life, you make it a joke.

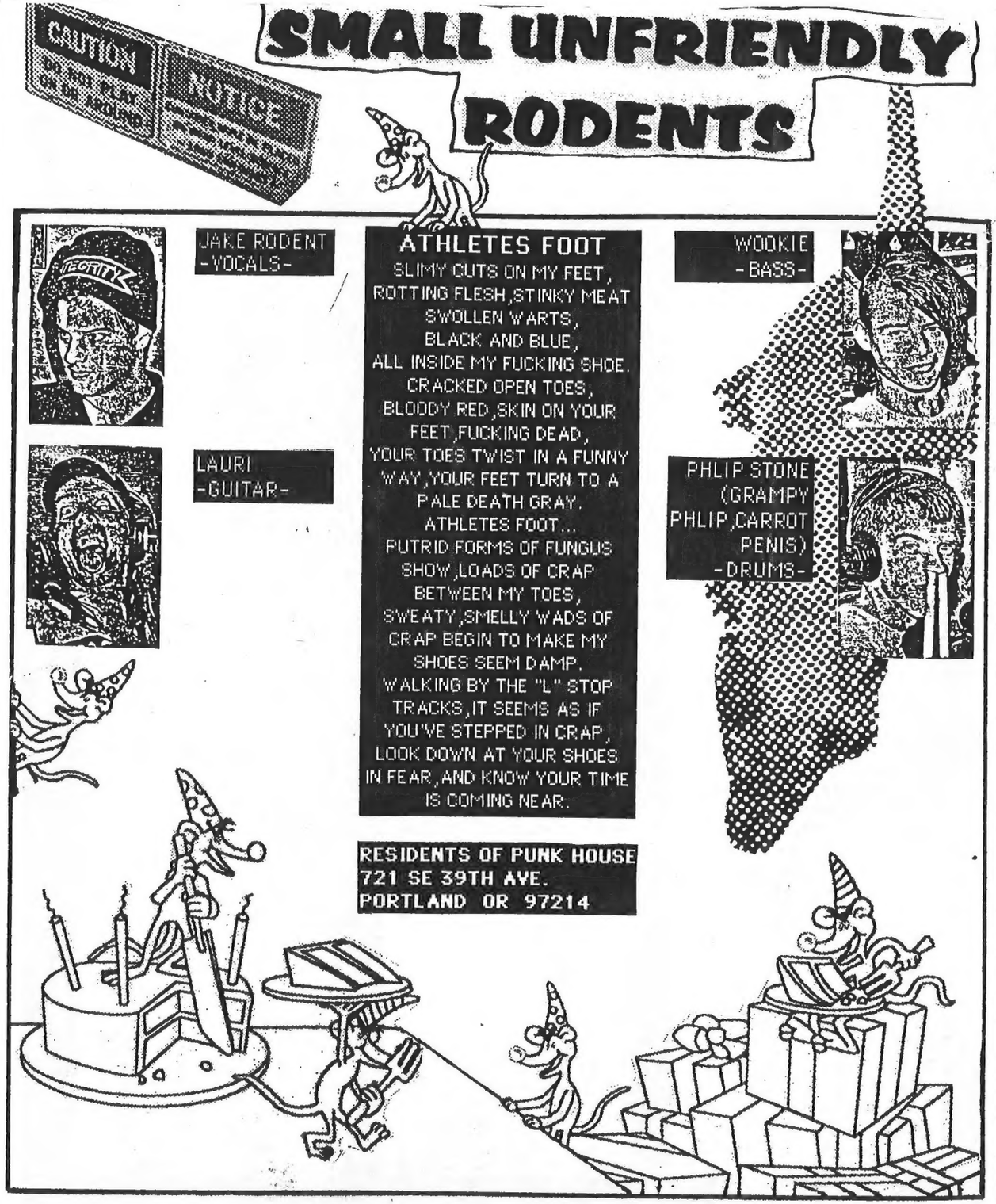
Please sympathize, I'm sure you've read a hundred "Punk Rock Rules" type articles and even though you say you don't care I'm sure it most bother you. As long as this war of ignorance continues to be waged, there will never be unity....

Ok...I'm only responding to this because you requested it. You realize, of course, that no matter what I write is totally irrelevant to the sXe scene. They will only read what you wrote and agree with what you said, as I'm not str8-edge. And let's not insult anyone's intellect by stating otherwise, ok? Please re-read your letter. Generalizations...stereotypes. Duh! I know! It's more than an amazing coincidence that "so many generalizations" appear in one story. You're calling my knowledge of what the sXe stereotypes are and my ability to use most of them in one story ignorance? How ironic! Most of what made up that entire story was direct quotes from various fanzines and friends and friends of friends of yours. So unless most sXe zines are done by idiots(and I've read quite a few that are)or your friends and their friends are idiots, then is it safe to assume that what you said was unclear? And if you think that carving an X into your arm was punk and not an act of sXe righteousness, then you sure fooled me, or are you really next of kin to Sid Vicious? I wasn't making fun of the way a band expresses them selves through music, I was making fun of how when a sXe band hurts or self-mutilates themselves, it's not stupidity or an accident, it's "fukn hard, dude." It was, however, interesting how after that point in the letter all you did was insult me IQ(or was that your friends IQ's or your friends fanzines IQ's???)instead of "bridging the communication gap." I'm more inclined to listen when I'm not being called ignorant. In #4, I don't think that's an accurate comparison. I doubt that Republicans brutally murdered millions of sXe'ers. And how far off is that comparison when bands like Earth Crisis(who think only vegan women should be allowed to have an abortion, and everyone else deserves to die)are sXe icons and how the whole sXe movement was given birth by Ronald Reagan's "Just Say No" campaign? Although that particular comparison seems to be a sXe favorite, no matter how inappropriate. You keep reading into that story things that aren't even there! I wasn't trying to make an informed well-organized rant about what's wrong with sXe today. Personally, I think sXe is a weak movement for weak people. It's ok to be drug free, I don't care, but why make a gang out of it? Because you cannot do it on your own? "I'm drug free, but only because I have protection." And I also hope you're including yourself in the 3 people who really care who's nailed to the X, or why else do you try to get the attention of anyone with an X on their shirt? To amass the str8-edge army? Or because you, and everyone sXe like you can't be X-men alone? I'm sorry. I don't buy it. I do actually like you as a person. As a str8-edger, I think you have something lacking and it's too bad that the single most important aspect of your life is such an insecure and unconfidant one. Don't think I hate you, but when you can't take a joke about your "lifestyle" then I finally understand why we "never stand together"...If we can't laugh together, we can't stand together. Lighten up the str8 side of you a little. Sheesh...

EVANSTON UPDATE

-USELESS FACTS ABOUT A USELESS CITY FULL OF USELESS PEOPLE-

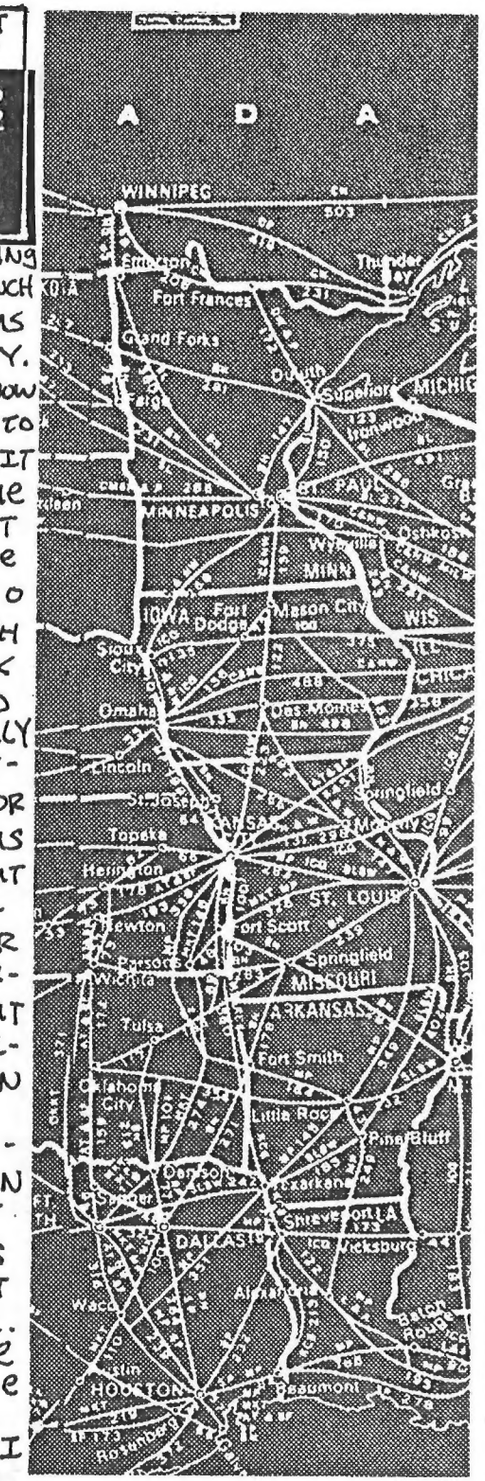
EVERYONE KNOWS THAT IGNORANCE IS INNOCENCE. SO WHEN I GO TREKING THROUGH THE PAST OF A CITY, LEARNING SOME DIRT, I'VE LOST THE BLIND PERSPECTIVE OF IT. SO WHAT ELSE CAN I DO WITH MY KNOWLEDGE AND CORRUPTION THAN TO TELL AS MANY PEOPLE AS I POSSIBLY CAN? WHEN I'VE LOST MY INNOCENCE, I'M GOING TO TAKE EVERYONE WITH ME...HA! EVANSTON'S OLD MOTTO THAT NEVER QUITE MANAGED TO CATCH ON WAS 'THE CITY ABOVE THE CITY' OR 'THE CITY BEYOND...' ONE OF THOSE AT ANY RATE. THE OTHER CITY BEING CHICAGO, OBVIOUSLY, EVANSTON HAD SET OUT WITH A GOAL OF BEING A CITY WITH A DIFERENT STANDARD, A HIGHER STANDARD. A PLACE OF PERFECTION, I GUESS, WITH ALL OF THE CONVIENIENCE AND CULTURE OF URBAN LIFE WITH THE PRIVACY AND SECURITY OF SUBURBAN LIFE, AND JUST A DASH OF THE SMALLTOWN, U.S.A. FEEL TO IT... IN THEORY THAT ALL SOUNDS FINE. THE PROBLEMS STARTED WHEN THEY NEEDED THE EXAMPLE OF A "BAD" CITY TO BE BETTER THAN. IT WOULD SEEM THAT THEY GOT REALLY STUCK ON CHICAGO BEING THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL OR SOMETHING AS THE MOTTO SUGGESTS. IN THE CONSTRUCTION, SOME GENIOUS CAME UP WITH THE IDEA OF PUTTING A CEMETARY ON THE BORDER, SEPARATING THE TWO CITIES. WHILE TODAY THE CEMETARY IS SEEN AS JUST THAT AND NOTHING MORE, IT WAS ORIGINALLY DESIGNED TO BE SYMBOLICALLY REPRESENTATIVE OF THE TRANSITION BETWEEN ONE CITY TO THE NEXT. MORE SPECIFICALLY, WHEN ENTERING INTO EVANSTOWN, YOU'RE LEAVING THE DEATH OF CHICAGO BEHIND, AND WHEN LEAVING EVANSTON, YOU'RE ENTERING INTO A CITY FULL OF DEATH AND DESPARATION, AS SUGGESTED BY THIS CEMETARY. IF THAT'S NOT SOME OBNOXIOUS FUCKIN' CRAP, THEN I DON'T KNOW WHAT IS... REGARDLESS, E-TOWN WOULDN'T HARDLY EXIST, WOULDN'T EVEN BE ON ANY MAP AND GO ALONG UTTERLY UNNOTICED IF IT WEREN'T FOR IT'S BIGGEST PLAQUE, IRONICALLY ENUFF, BEING NORTHWESTERN U.. ORIGINALLY, NU WAS A CHURCH AND FOR SOME MORONIC REASON (PROBABLY SOME ASSHOLES INTERPRETTION OF 'SEPERATION OF CHURCH AND STATE') CHURCHES ARE EXEMPT FOR HAVING TO PAY A PROPERTY TAX. NOW, ALTHOUGH NU HARDLY IS A CHURCH, THEY'VE MANAGED TO REMAIN CLASSIFIED AS ONE. SINCE NU IS A HUGH CAMPUS, FOR EVANSTON TO FULFILL THEIR GOAL THEY'VE TAXED TOO MUCH. SO THE PEOPLE REALLY PAY HEFTY SUMS TO LIVE IN THEIR CITY BEYOND... NU HAS GOT PROBLEMS OF IT'S OWN AS WELL. ON CAMPUS, AS MOST COLLEGES HAVE, THERE IS A BIG, WELL-STOCKT LIBRARY. HOWEVER, DURING IT'S CONSTRUCTION, THEY FORGOT TO FIGURE IN THE WEIGHT OF THE BOOKS. DUH. SO NOW THE LIBRARY HAS BEGUN TO SINK. AT LEAST NOW WHEN I MAKE A MISTAKE, I DON'T FEEL SO BAD. LASTLY, FROM THIS CITY CAME S.U.R., A GREAT BAND AND GREAT PEOPLE WHO RECENTLY PACKED UP FOR PORTLAND... BYE GUYS, YOU'RE ALREADY SORELY MISSED... LOVE DAVE



THE TOUR I WAS GONNA ROADIE FOR HAD GOT THE AX AND ALONG WITH IT, ALL MY HOPES + PLANS OF TRAVEL. I WAS DESPERATE. IT HAD BEEN TOO LONG SINCE I LEFT. WAY TOO LONG. I KNEW, I HAD TO KNOW, THAT ONE WAY OR ANOTHER I WAS GONNA SAY:

GOODBYE CHICAGO...

I SAT IN A LITTLE GREYHOUND STATION, WORKING ON AN ELABORITE PLAN TO TAKE ME TO A BUNCH OF PLACES. I HAD A LITTLE MONEY SAVED UP, PLUS THAT $68 TICKET DEAL HELPED TREMENDOUSLY. I LEFT FEELING HAPPY. ALRIGHT, I THOUGHT, NOW I GET TO SEE SOME PLACES I HAVEN'T BEEN TO FOR MORE THAN JUST A DAY! MAYBE THE WAY IT WORKED OUT WAS BETTER ANYWAY. MY ROADIE PLAN WAS SOOOO COMPLEX, THERE'S NO WAY IT COULD HAVE WORKED. I GUESS IT'S JUST ONE OF THOSE PUNK ROCK LAWS OR SOMETHING. SO I PACKED UP MY BAG, LOADED UP A BOX WITH ZINES AND GRABBED A FAIRLY SIZEABLE BOOK I WAS ANXIOUS TO READ, BUT NEVER FOUND ENUFF TIME TO BURY MY NOSE IN IT. FINALLY THE DAY HAD COME TO GET THE FUCK OUTTA E-TOWN! I GOT TO THE STATION FULL OF VIGOR AND EXCITEMENT. MY HEART RACED AS THE BUS ROLLED IN. EVEN THOUGH I WAS GETTING OUT OF ALL THE REPITITOUS NIGHTS AND UNEVENTFUL TIMES OF HOME, WHY I WAS EXCITED FOR A GREYHOUND TRIP, I'LL NEVER KNOW... PERHAPS IT WAS THOSE FEELINGS OF EXCITED THAT MADE ME LIGHT OF FOOT AND GOT MY ADRENALINE FLOWING, BUT I HAD NO IDEA HOW FUKN HEAVY THAT FULL BOX OF ZINES WOULD PROVE TO BE 12 HOURS LATER IN MINNEAPOLIS WHEN I ENDED UP CARRYING THE DAMN THING FOR 3 MILES TO NOWHERE. NO SIR, IT DID NOT EVEN CROSS MY MIND AS THE BUS LUMBERED ONTO THE I-94. WHY SHOULD IT HAVE? I WAS TAKING ON THE OPEN ROAD... READY FOR ANYTHING. YOU KNOW... STUFF LIKE THAT... I MUNCHED ON A SANDWICH I MADE BEFOREHAND AND WATCHED THE FAMILIAR HIGHWAY SIGHTS GO BY. YES, ALL I KNEW WAS I WAS SAYING GOODBYE CHICAGO...

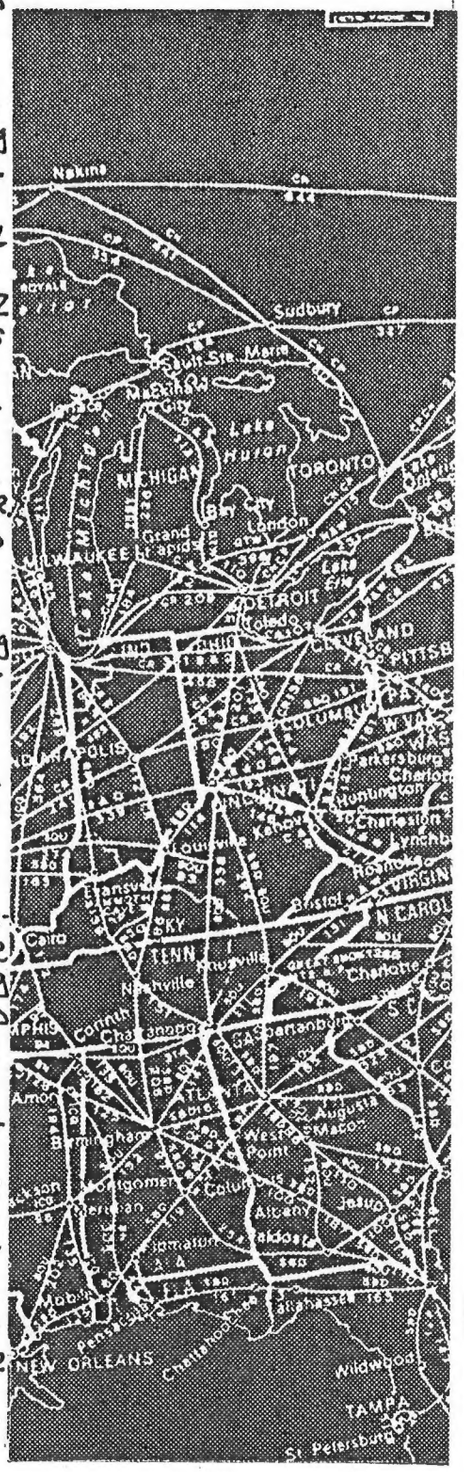


a. Wesley Willis

...A Local Basket case.

I jumped into the Angerhouse tour van with Erik. He turned the ignition key on, started the van, grabed a tape and popped it in. my ears poked up atentiuly. The Angerhouse guys, for some reason, always have the music I want to hear. 'Ever hear of Wesley Willis?' asked Erik. 'No, who is he?' I relied. His story goes as such: Wesley Willis, native Chicagoan, is an undiscovered looney bin with a casio keyboard. There is one single beat programed on it. With his tune, complete with a drum solo and a bridge, he wails into a microphone some simplistic song. Having but one beat, he has a very eclectic assortment of subjects, ranging from how 'the rock show is the great-test' to various people he likes to jawbreaker and Scooby Don't. There's even a love-balad. Totally heart shattering. Not to mention Robocop. It seems that he just moves around, doing a song for any word(s) he found to be cool or friends. Patrick + Erik went to go see him somewhere. Pat approached Wesley for some reason. The result being Wesley grabbing Pat's head, pulling him forehead to forehead for about a half an hour saying, "My main man say rock. Lemme hear you say ROCK!" "RRRROCK!!!" Pat would answer. And Sr. Willis would repeat the cycle. Over and over and over and over. I haven't a clue as to how it ended, but he took the stage, and during the sound check he proceeded to psyche up the crowd with "I will rock you like the windfire!"... He's 100% serious with this, too. Wesley has gained noteriety with a small, bizarre circle of people. Specifically, grand Royale (ie B-Boys) has been knocking down his door for a CD deal. Problem is, since he's crazy, he's been running them around. If you meet him, he'll take your # and <u>never</u> lose it. In a few years grand Royale may call you up cuz you're his agent. I asked Pat if he thought he'd do a song about him. Pat said he'd be more honored than anything...

The 12-hour trip to the Twin Cities was unexpectidly easy. I fumbled around for a bit, as the weight of the box slowly grew on me, until I asked some city workers where the cross-streets for 'hard times café' were. "Oh... It's about 2 1/2 miles that way, turn right, and then it's a coupla more miles." Fuck. I made it 2 miles of the way, maybe 3, with my arms literally about to fall off when a car load of young punx scream, "go to the bridge... let's get drunk!" and start to speed away. I'm not sure what I did, maybe it was how pathetically wasted I must've looked, but they stopped, asked if I knew where the bridge was, and then asked (after I said I have no clue where <u>any</u> bridge is) what town I was from. I dumped the box and my bag in their trunk and off we went. We went to an anarchist art place or something like that called 'Frameworks.' For some reason, I felt a terrible urgency to get my stuff outta there trunk. I finally understood later that week when I saw the girl who owned the car get arrested and the car get impounded. Maybe luck was on my side after all! At Frameworks, I finally got hold of Erik Funk and crew. As it turned out, Angerhouse, a defunct local Evanston band, was all together and doing a mini-tour, starting in Minneapolis! Alright! Luck was definetly on my side! I went dumpstering with a guy, Damen, from F-works, until Erik came to pick me up. It was then that I 1st learned of ~ Wesley Willis (see ⓐ) ~ Erik took my pathetic ass (including the box) back to his place, where most of Angerhouse was, and gave me some beer. They headed out to a bar, I'm too young to do that, so I headed to a restaurant. That diner sucked! Lousy coffee (always a bad sign) and I ordered a grilled cheese. It was an okay sandwich, but you had to order fries seperatly. If that wasn't fukt enuff, a side order (small) of fries turned out to a huge mountain! Greesy and only half cooked, no matter how many I shoveled down, nothing made even a small dent in the pile. Lame. I finished the G. che., threw the goddamn fries across the room and picked up a local paper. By the time I left, the coffee was starting to taste good, and the slight buzz I had from the beers was gone. It was the tipsy-ness that did it, I'm sure of it, cuz once I stepped outta the door, I realized I had forgotten how to get back to the house. 3 hours and fifteen miles later, I stumbled up the steps and hit the buzzer. I opened another beer, lite up a smoke and colapsed into a chair. I woke up the next morning with aching arms and aching legs. I wasn't sore enuff to start complaining and once I ate something the pain went away. Joe and I got a lift over to Tads house where St. Patrick was living. His room was a teeny little catacomb hole-in-the-wall. And Pat's a fairly big guy! He took us for a walk into Dinky Town to get some food and told some rad stories, and pointed out to me a bunch of landmarks Aaron mentioned in 'Cometbus.' We made our way to where Angerhouse was playing that night. It was called 'The Icebox' and it was there that our ass-whoopin' joke band 'Patrick and the Mach Ducks' played out our illustrious 1-show bashing carier. We had a three song set with me on bass and back-up vocals (not at the same time though). It was great! except I don't think anyone there was ready for it cuz all we got was a few half-assed claps. I guess we weren't hard core enuff. Oh well. Seeing Angerhouse one last time was strange. You see, in Evanston they had fucking power! Pat would talk and people would listen. And



b. Cracked POTS

AND TAE KWON DOE INSTRUCTORS ON THORAZINE...

"SO, WHAT EVER HAPPENED WITH YOUR LITTLE ACCIDENT?" ASKED BILL. "OH HER?" PSYCHO-GUY REPLIED, "I THINK SHE JUST GOES INTO SHOCK EASILY. Y'KNOW, SHE WENT INTO SHOCK ONCE CUZ OF A CUT ON HER FINGER." I WAS CONFUSED. LET ME EXPLAIN. I WAS STAYING AT BILLS THAT NIGHT AND SO HE WAS PUTTING A PLAN TOGETHER WHEN THE PSYCHO-GUY CALLS UP. "YOU GOTTA MEET THIS GUY, HE'S OUT THERE," HE TELLS ME AND EXPLAINED THAT THIS FELLOW IS A FEW CENTS SHORT OF A DOLLAR. I'VE HAD A CERTAIN FASINATION WITH LOONIES FROM ALL MY AFTER-HOUR NIGHTS AT CAFÉS OR WHERE EVER. HANGIN' WITH WING-NUTS AND VARIOUS CRACKED POTS IS USUALLY PRETTY INTERESTING. I KNOW IT'S MEAN, BUT IT'S ALSO FUNNY TO PUSH THEIR BUTTONS AND SEE WHAT'LL GET THEM WORKED UP INTO A FEVERISH FRENZY ABOUT ONE THING OR ANOTHER. USUALLY IT'S HARMLESS GUNK ABOUT POLITICS. I'VE HAD VERY LIMITED EXPIERENCE WITH PSYCHOTICS. THIS GUY IS OVER HERE, AND SINCE ALL I KNOW ABOUT HIM IS THAT HE'S GOT SOME LOOSE SCREWS, I'M SITTING THERE, TRYING TO EGG HIM ON, TRYING TO GET HIM WORKED UP. THEN I FIND OUT WHAT THIS 'LITTLE ACCIDENT' IS ALL ABOUT. HE'S A TAE KWON DOE INSTRUCTOR AND 2ND DEGREE BLACK BELT. HE WAS 'SPARRING' WITH SOME LADY WHEN HE KICKS HER DEAD IN THE FACE, SENDING HER INTO SHOCK. TAE KWON DOE, FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO DON'T KNOW, IS A NON-CONTACT MARTIAL ART. HE THEN STARTS TELLING ME ABOUT ALL THE THORAZINE HE'S ON. THORAZINE IS AN ANTI-PSYCOTIC WHICH BREAKS DOWN ABILITY TO STAY VERY FOCUSED. I QUICKLY STOPPED IN MY ATTEMPTS TO EGG HIM OVER ANY LIMIT. THEN I WENT TO THE BATHROOM. 'FUCK' I THOUGHT TO MYSELF AS I PISSED. I GOT BACK IN THE MIDDLE OF A STORY ABOUT HOW HE GOT JUMPED AND ONLY BROKE THE GUYS COLLAR BONE OR SOMETHING... ONLY. SHEESH... KEEP TAKING THAT THORAZINE PAL...

THE THING IS, IS THAT WAS GOOD. THEY WERE STEERING THE SCENE IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION. THEY HAD GOOD THINGS TO SAY AND THEIR LYRICS WERE ALWAYS DEAD-ON THE MARK. OR AT LEAST <u>WAY</u> BETTER THAN TODAYS HARDCORE WITH ALL THE 'SAFE' TOPICS LIKE WOMEN ANIMALS AND STR8 IS GR8 CRAP. BUT NOW? NOW I WAS WATCHING THEM AMONGST STRANGERS. PEOPLE WHO DIDN'T UNDERSTAND WHAT IT WAS ALL ABOUT. PEOPLE WHO WON'T DANCE, WON'T SING ALONG, EVEN IF THEY KNEW THE WORDS. IT WAS THESE VERY REASONS THAT I FELT LIKE A PUNK ROCK SPAZ AND **<u>VERY</u>** OUTTA PLACE. THEY PLAYED WELL, BUT IT WASN'T WHAT IT ONCE WAS. WE WENT BACK TO ERIK'S, I GOT A BEER, THEY GOT POT. SOME GUY CAME OVER WITH TONS OF WEED SO EVERYONE WAS SMOKEN' UP AND I WAS JUST DRINKIN' SINCE I'D STOPPED DOIN' POT FOR A WHILE. A RANDOM SHOW WAS PLAYING ON T.V. WHEN ALL OF A SUDDEN I HEAR, 'DUDE... DIG IT...' COME OUTTA PAT'S MOUTH. I TURNED TO SEE WHAT WAS UP AND THERE WAS PAT'S PENIS, SWINGING AROUND IN THE AIR. I LAUGHED. THE NEXT DAY, WHEN THEY LEFT ON THEIR MINI-TOUR AND DROPPED ME OFF AT 'EXTREME NOISE'-A NEW PUNK RECORD STORE-I PUT UP PAT RICK'S PENIS-TEENY WEENY AS ONE OF MY TOP 10 LIST ON THE STAFF BOARD. YES, THEY ALL LEFT SO I DECIDED IT WAS TIME TO MOVE ALONG. I STAYED WITH BILL THAT NIGHT. HE HAS GOT SOME FUCKING STRANGE FRIENDS (see Ⓑ). I BORROWED HIS BIKE TO GO TO THE OLE' MRS. SIPPI TO READ MY BOOK WHILE HE SLEPT. THE NEXT DAY I WENT BACK TO THE GREYHOUND STATION, SAID BYE TO BILL, I KNEW THAT HE WOULD BE THE LAST FRIENDLY FACE I'D SEE FOR A WHILE, AND BOARDED MY BUS FROM HELL. REMIND ME NEVER TO TAKE ANY BUS HEADED FOR SEATTLE. I THINK I'D RATHER WALK, OR CRAWL, OR PULL MYSELF ALONG WITH MY TONGUE. THANK MY LUCKY STARS, I WASN'T GOING TO SEATTLE. I WAS GOING TO BOZEMAN! YUP! BOZEMAN, MONTANA. TIME FOR NATURE!

WHY? WELL, MY SISTER, LU-LU, MOVED THERE FROM NEW YORK CITY A FEW MONTHS BEFORE. SUCH A MOVE SEEMED REALLY STRANGE TO ME AND EVERYONE ELSE I'M SURE. BUT HAVING BEEN THERE, IT'S NOT TOO BIZARRE, ACTUALLY. IT'S A VERY PRETTY PLACE, IN A NATUREY SORTA WAY, AND EVEN THOUGH IT'S NOT PUNK AS FUCK, IT IS NICE TO GET AWAY FROM ALL THE BUILDINGS FOR A LITTLE BIT. WHEN I GOT THERE I FELT LIKE TOTAL SHIT. THE 29-THOUSAND HOUR BUS RIDE TOOK IT'S TOLL ON ME. I GOT IN THE SHOWER FOR AN HOUR, GOT OUT AND HAD A BEER. THAT NIGHT THERE WAS AN R+B BAND PLAYING AT THE 'SWEET PEA FESTIVAL' THAT WE WENT TO. BEFORE IT, WE SAT ON PETE'S HILL WHICH I RE-NAMED 'DUMPSTER HILL' (see ©) AND HAD A FEW BEERS. GEEZ... IT SOUNDS LIKE ALL I FUCKN' DID WAS DRINK, BUT, HARD TO BELIEVE AS IT MAY SEEM, I NEVER GOT DRUNK UNTIL CALI. SERIOUSLY! I HAD A REALLY GOOD TIME IN MONTANA. IT DIDN'T HAVE TOO MUCH TO DO WITH MY BEING IN THAT STATE, BUT MY SISTA AND I HAVE ALWAZE GOTTEN ALONG REALLY WELL. SO WE DID A TON OF TALKING AND WALKING. MOSTLY IT WAS PERSONAL CRUD, BUT DUH, NO SHIT... THIS IS MY SISTER! IT WAS NICE TO CHILL OUT AND HANG AROUND AND MAKE POTATO DILL SOUP AND IGNORE NO TRESPASSING SIGNS TO DISCOVER TOTALLY BEAUTIFUL NOWHERE'S AND JOKE AROUND WITH HIKER GUY AND COME TO STARTLING REALIZATIONS AS TO WHY WE ARE THE WAY WE ARE. I DON'T KNOW WHERE I'D BE WITHOUT HER. I HAVE THIS PROBLEM WITH TALKING. I FUMBLE OVER WORDS, SAY COMPLETELY THE WRONG THING AND FEEL LIKE A BABBELING FOOL. BUT NOT WITH MY SISTER! SHE'S THE SAME WAY. SO WHEN WE'RE TALKING, WE'RE PERFECTLY IN SINK WITH ONE ANOTHER. SO EVEN WHEN CONVERSATION TURNS INTO, "BLAHYUHDUHJABAH?"... "YEHKULDAHBODA!" WE EITHER KNOW EXACTLY WHAT WE'RE TRYING TO SAY, OR KEEL OVER LAUGHING AT HOW

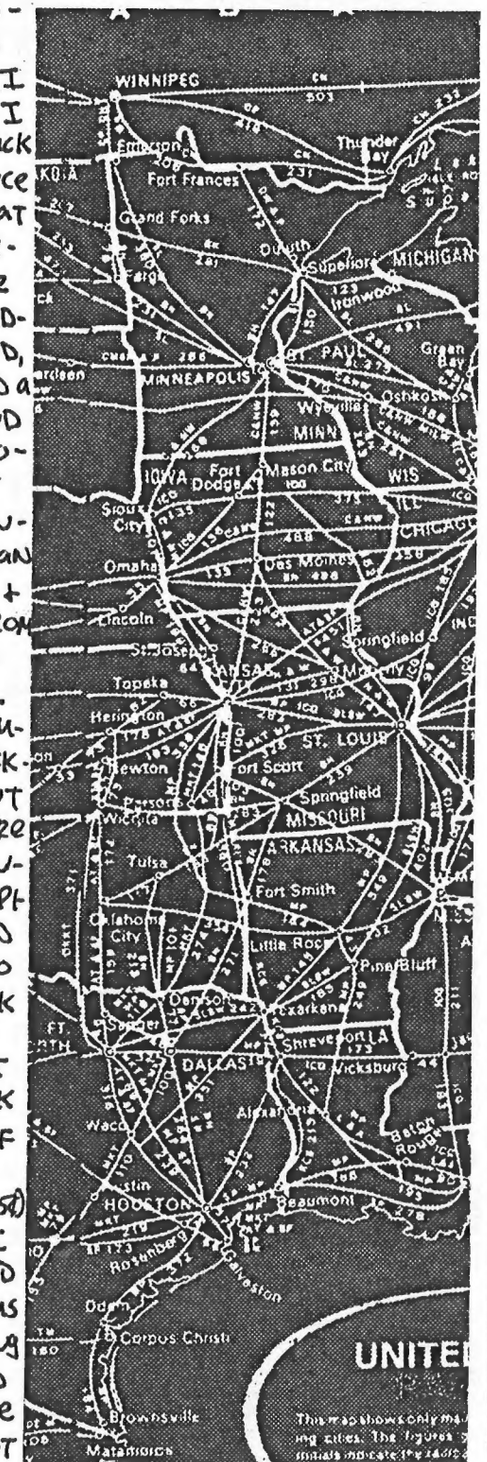
C. Hangin' Around On dumpster mound...

THE SWEET PEA FESTIVAL IS BOZEMAN MONTANA'S VERSION OF A "FINE ARTS FAIR!" ON THIS PARTICULAR DAY OF THE SWEET PEA THING, THERE WAS AN R N' B BAND THAT WAS GOING TO PLAY. 'POPPA CHUBBY' THEY WERE CALLED. WE, BEING LU-LU, HIKER GUY AND MYSELF, HAD **PLANS TO** GO, AND AS SOON AS I WAS DONE BADGERING POOR HIKER-GUY (WHO WAS WELL IN TO A COMFORTABLY LOUD STATE OF DRUNKINNESS) ABOUT THE "GREATFAC DEAD," WE HEADED OUT. AFTER A FEW STOPS HERE AND THERE FOR SOMEONE TO RELEAVE THEMSELVES, WE REACHED 'PETE'S HILL' WHICH I APPROPIATLY RE-NAMED 'DUMPSTER HILL'. I DECIDED IT SHOULD BE NAMED THAT CUZ WHEN YOU'RE ON TOP, YOU CAN SEE A ZILLION DUMPSTERS, BUT THEN, WHILE WE WERE SITTING ON IT, SOME RED-NECKS-TO-BE CAME STUMBLING UP. 'UH... THAT WASN'T VERY SMART.' THE ONE SAID. 'WHAT?' ASKED HIKER-GUY. 'YOU SHOULDN'T THROW BOTTLES OFF THIS HILL...' HE SAID. 'WE ONLY HAVE CANS.' DEFENDED H-G. 'UH... THAT WASN'T VERY SMART' HE SAID AGAIN, HELL-BENT ON US BEING THE GUILTY PARTY. WHATEVER. EITHER 1. HE'S SO FUCKED, HE IMAGINED THE BOTTLE, OR 2. HE SHOULD'VE EXPECTED IT. MORAL: IF YOU DON'T LIKE ANY BOTTLES BEING THROWN AT YOU GET OUT OF THE DUMPSTER, DUMB-ASS. HE NOTICED THAT WE DIDN'T HAVE BOTTLES, WARNED US 'NOT TO DO IT AGAIN' AND WALKED OFF. DUH... DUH. WE FINISHED UP OUR DRINKS AND WENT TO THE CONCERT. HOPPED A FENCH THROUGH THE CEMETARY TO AVOID PAYING $4 TO GET IN, MADE OUR WAY UP TO THE STAGE AND DANCED LIKE DUMMIES THROUGHOUT THE NIGHT, SALVAGING THE GROUND FOR LATE NIGHT GOODIES AT THE END, BUT DID N'T FIND ANY BOTTLES... DAMN...

d.greyhound Love Affair? OR STINK-A-THON U.S.A?

NOW, I'M A VERY TOLERANT KIND OF GUY WHEN I COMES TO BODY ODOR. I'VE GONE TO PLENTY ANARCHISTS' SHOWS. I HAD WENT TO + LEFT FROM CRUSTY-TOWN-I-DO-NOT-BELIEVE-IN-PAPER-PRODUCTS THAT'S-WHY-MY-ASS-SMELLS' MINNEAPOLIS, AND I EVEN PUT UP WITH MY SELF A GOOD PORTION OF THE TIME. BUT THIS? NO. THIS IS MUCH DIFFERENT. THIS GUY HAD THAT EXTRA SOMETHING. A KIND OF SCUM WHITE-TRASH STINK. LIKE WHEN YOU DISCOVER A LOAD OF DISHES FULL OF CURDLED MILK + GOD KNOWS WHAT ELSE. FURTHERMORE, HE OPTED TO SIT NEXT TO ME! WAS THIS REALLY THE TIME TO LEAVE BOZEMAN? HE WAS HEADED TO RENO, NV. PROBABLY TO FIND HIS FORTUNE GAMBLING. WHAT A RELIEF IT WAS WHEN HE MOVED TO AN EMPTY SEAT TO FONDLE HIMSELF. THAT'S RIGHT, WACK YERSELF OFF TO SLEEP WHITE TRASH MAN. AHH... I KICKED BACK FOR TEN WHOLE MINUTES. THEN WE STOPPED AGAIN AND SUPERSTENCH-MAN WADDLED INTO THE SEAT NEXT TO ME. WOAH! NORMALLY I DREAD THE INCONVENIENT STOPS AT 4:30 A.M. THAT GREYHOUND TENDS TO MAKE. NOW I WAS NEARLY KNOCKING THE DOOR DOWN FOR A BREATH OF FRESH AIR. IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE THE TWO STINKIES FOUND EACHOTHER. AS SOON AS THEIR COMPATABLE SMELLS BECAME INTERTWINED, THEIR EYES MET. I KNEW IT WAS LOVE SO I CHANGED SEATS WITH THEM TO SIT NEXT TO SOME GIRL, TWINK WHO HAD SOME MUTUAL FRIENDS IN CALIFORNIA. SUPER-STENCH AND WHITE TRASH WERE BOTH ON THEIR WAY TO RENO WHERE THEY'D GET A HOTEL (OR ROACH MOTEL) TOGETHER, GO OUT ON THE TOWN, GAMBLE A LOT AND LET THEIR STINKS BECOME FAMILIARIZED WITH EACHOTHER AND FOREVER ENTRENCH THEMSELVES IN THE OTHERS HEART, CREATING AN INSEPERABLE BOND... WELL, I BET THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED ANYWAY.

DANG FUNNY WE ARE. MAYBE THAT'S THE REASON WE BOTH WRITE. SO TIME SPENT WITH MY SISTER IS TIME WELL SPENT. I HAD SOME MONEY LEFT OVER FROM SELLING MAGS IN THE TWIN CITIES SO I TOOK HER AND HER BOYFRIEND OUT TO THE BOZEMAN MOVIE THEATER AND SAW CLEAR AND PRESENT DANGER. IT WAS A GOOD MOVIE, THOUGH KIND OF HARD TO FOLLOW SOME OF THE TIME. THERE WERE A LOT OF PEOPLE OUT AND ABOUT THAT NIGHT. OR MAYBE THERE WAS EVERY NIGHT, I'M NOT EXACTLY SURE. THAT'S THE WEIRD THING ABOUT BOZEMAN. IT'S A VERY NATURE-ORIENTED PLACE, MAYBE IT'S WHERE ALL THE HIPPY-TYPES WHO ACTUALLY WANT TO BE CLOSE TO NATURE AND LIVE THAT LIFESTYLE GO, SO IT'S NOT AS ANNOYING AS THE URBAN 'PEACE POT AND MICRODOT' HIPPY PIECES OF SHIT. SO... WHEN NIGHTS FALLS, PEOPLE ARE STILL MOVING AROUND, KIND OF LIKE NEW YORK, BUT IN A FRIENDLIER WAY, THOUGH NOT IN THE TEDIOUS 'OH HERE, LET US SHARE MY MUFFIN' DUMB FREELOVIN' WAY. IT'S A VERY SAFE PLACE. YOU WOULDN'T GET JUMPED BY GANGSTERS, REDNECKS WHO DON'T LIKE ANY 'DANG COMMIE FAGGOTS', OR EVEN HIPPIES! SO WHEN THE DAY ROLLED AROUND FOR ME TO HIT THE ROAD AND MOSEY ALONG, I WAS WELL RESTED, PATCHED UP AND FULLY RECOUPERATED. AND I WAS GONNA NEED IT FOR THE RIDE AHEAD OF ME! OH MAN! (See ⓓ)... WHEN I DID FINALLY SAY GOODBYE, I DIDN'T WANT TO REALLY LEAVE JUST THEN, IT'S ALWAYS A SAD SCENE, LEAVING IS. THE BOZEMAN HIGHWAY GETS CLOSED DOWN DURING WINTER (!) SO WHO KNOWS WHEN OR IF I'LL BE BACK. FOREVER AND 30 HOURS LATER, I ROLLED INTO 'FRISO. THE GREYHOUND CHEWED ME UP, DIGESTED ME, AND LEFT ME IN S.F. AS NOTHING BUT A PILE OF DOG SHIT. MORE THAN LIKELY, I WOULDN'T HAVE GONE INTO CALIFORNIA AT ALL EXCEPT THAT MY FRIEND WAS FLYING INTO THERE TO VISIT HER SISTER AND I WANTED TO SEE HER KINDA ALOT SO I MADE MY PLANS TO GO. I'D BEEN TO THE BAY AREA BEFORE AND LEFT SEVERLY UNIMPRESSED. BUT THAT WAS YEARS AGO. SINCE THEN I'VE LEARNED A LOT, GREW A LOT, AND I WANTED TO SEE A LOT MORE, OR THOUGHT I SHOULD SEE A LOT MORE. SO THERE I WAS, BACK IN SAN FRANSHITSCO, GIVING IT ANOTHER CHANCE TO REDEEM ITSELF. SO I RE-SITUATED MYSELF AT WHERE I WAS GONNA STAY AT (WHICH HAD BECOME INCREASINGLY EASY TO DO, EXCEPT FOR THE BOX) AND GRABBED A COUPLE 'ZINES AND HEADED FOR THE EPICENTER. AS I BUMMED AROUND, I MET SOMEONE FROM AUTONOMY, 2 GIRLS AND A SKINHEAD. SO WE WERE ALL WALKING AROUND CUZ THEY WERE LOOKING FOR SOME CERTAIN JOINT TO EAT AT. I ASKED, WHY DON'T YOU JUST GET PIZZA? THE REPLY I GOT WAS, ARE YOU A CARNIVORE? I SAID, NO, I'M A VIRGO... GEEZ, WHAT AN OBNOXIOUS QUESTION. LATER ON, THE SKINHEAD + THE VEGAN (... WHICH IS WORSE?) BOUGHT ZINES FROM ME. THE SKIN OPENED RIGHT UP TO ONE OF THE SEVERAL PAGES WHERE I RAGGED ON BONEHEADS. OOPS... HE SEEMED REALLY COOL ABOUT IT THOUGH. HE EVEN LAUGHED! HMM... MAYBE CALIFUCKNIA ISN'T SO BAD AFTER ALL! THEN WE WENT TO THE EPICENTER AND LO AND BEHOLD! THERE WERE MY FRIENDS! *INSERT SAPPY REUNION SCENARIO HERE*. I WAS VERY IMPRESSED WITH THE EPICENTER, ESPECIALLY THE ZINE LIBRARY. I ENDED UP SPENDING A LOT OF TIME IN IT READING 10 ZILLION ZINES I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO CHECK OUT BUT COULD NEVER FIND. NOT ONLY ARE THERE SOME AWESOME THINGS IN THERE, BUT IT'S ALMOST ALWAYS VACANT! I COULD KICK BACK ON THE COMFY COUCH AND READ MYSELF AWAY... THANX TO THEM AT THAT PLACE BY THE WAY... MY FRIENDS BOUGHT ME A CHEAP ZINE (25¢) WHICH WAS COOL CUZ I WAS NEARLY BROKE. I EVEN FIGURED OUT ABOUT HOW MUCH I SHOULD SPEND PER DAY WHICH WASN'T ALOT. PROBLEMS AROSE WHEN I'D TRY TO NOT SPEND ANYTHING CUZ WE HAD SOME PLAN FOR THE NIGHT, SO I'D BUM LITTLE BITES OF FOOD OR SMOKES AND BE CALLED A MOOCH FOR IT, EVEN THOUGH I'M NOT A MOOCH. SO MY PRIDE HIT ME AND I WENT OVER-



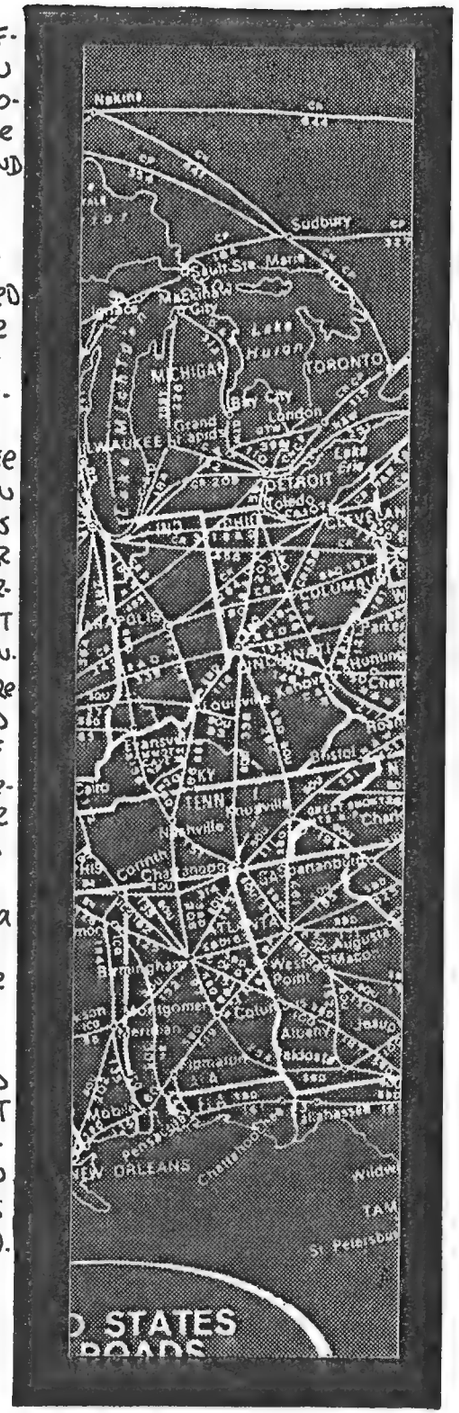
e.Hippy on a hill...

The PegBoy!

Fog carelessly enveloped the Golden Gate Bridge. The Bay Area unfolded in front of us. A cool wind bit through my clothes. Twin Peaks gave an incredible view of San Francisco, if only slightly over-run with tourists (like me?). But Twin Peaks was going to offer us much more, we just didn't realize it at the time and perhaps someday I will realize whatever the hidden meaning of this experience was (doubtful...). So I sat. I gazed dreamily at the city below, wondering if a nuclear missile could really blow all of it to smithereens. Naw. Couldn't happen, I decided. If I can't see the whole thing without turning my head then neither can some stupid missile. Then something caught my eye. Some skinny guy was laboriously making his way up the side of the hill, headed our way. When he got up to us, he found a few rocks and threw them in to a pot he had. He propped up a sign, pulled a hefty garbage bag out of his pocket and proceeded to clean the hillside (which badly needed it). Before too long, he asked us for a cigarette. Mooch, I thought jokingly. The smoke triggered him off into short bursts of random thoughts. "Life's a bitch then you go to the beach, then life's a bitch again then you go to the beach again. So wadda think?" "I love you guys, and you'll love me once I'm a famous RRRock Starr!" And he showed us a tape. PegBoy they were called as he attempted to demonstrate his scream. "There was already a... uh..." "Someone stopped short. He was cleaning. We didn't break him the news...

board, spent much more than I should have. I probably would've starved for two days on greyhound except for my knight in shining armor, the epicenter, saved me, almost. Did I mention how much I fucking hate pride? I hate it a lot. All of it. Pride... Yech! Blek! Gag!... The lesson here being, sometimes you just have to mooch, even though you're <u>not</u> one. When I wasn't mooching like a leech, I was kinda sorta actually liking being there. We were living in the Mission District. I got very attached to the Mission, probably because it kind of is like my hometown. So many people from so many walks of life and more cultural backgrounds than you can count. Not to mention the burrito's there are A+! It's funny. I had such a pessimistic view of California for so many years, and now, with the exception of when I was mooching my brains out, I was having a fun time! It just goes to show... uh... something. But I liked it! I liked being there, I liked the roomates. Matt and his rad little daughter Chelsea, Sandra, Emily's older sister, and I liked hanging out with them, getting some beer and rolling our cigarettes and stingers. I liked the feeling of there being a comfortable soap-opera unfolding in subtle ways with thickening plots in others. I liked Sandra's boyfriend, Aaron and his interesting, easy-going ways. He proved to be our main source of some incredible sight seeing. He took us to Pebble Beach, a crazy beach made of smooth little pebbles instead of sand! So you could drop food and still eat it! Wow! He drove us past MRR H.Q. and up to Twin Peaks (see @). He works at Mordam, so he gave us a tour! I don't know what else to say except that Mordam is awesome! However, Aaron wasn't a tour guide in my eyes. What really struck me about him is how at ease I felt around him. He would never make fun of my inability to talk normally. Sometimes, even,

I'll catch myself imitating some of his mannerisms. It's strange, ya know? The effect a really good personality can have on you. I doubt he would've called me a mooch, too. But all good things must come to an end. My friends left for Chicago, and the other roomate was coming back and wouldn't have liked my being there very much. So I dialed my uncle up who just gave me a new baby cousin. I only started explaining my situation when he asked me if I would stay at his place. So I said, "Yeah, sure." He's a pretty cool guy. I've always had a certain admiration for him. Unlike my other relatives, he got out of the stuffy Cincinnati lifestyle, formed his own set of values and ideas. It's not always easy to do that. He took me out to dinner and told me of the balance of the universe and I understood him! He told me about the inner workings of what makes my grandfather tick. It was all very intense bizarre. Some of it would never have even occured to me, stuff I wouldn't even fathom, if he hadn't told me. He's also a very patient man, with his little kid and with me and his computer and how to work his scanner. I spent only a few days with him, his wife and kid, but I had grown kinda homesick and was getting antsy to get the 48 hour greyhound trip over with. The box was nearly empty. I went to get my ticket confirmed, sold as many zines to the epicenter as they would take and bought as much food as I could with that money. I boarded the bus to be mangled for a long time in shitty seats, get an earache from Fred Fine, the most curtious bus driver in the business (self-proclamed). I got home, went to a freezing cold Lake Michagan and dove in. I didn't even get sick! Ahh... Home sweet home...?



SHOWTIME

PUNK!

I HATE SHOW REVIEWS. 9 OUT OF 10 ARE NOTHING MORE THAN A WASTE OF SPACE. COME ON, THE SHOWS OVER! YOU WERE EITHER THERE OR YOU WEREN'T! SO I HATE SHOW REVIEWS, BUT I LOVE MAKING FUN OF BELMONT 'PUNKS' AND SKINHEADS. THE SHOW WAS FINE, THE BANDS WERE FINE, MY FRIENDS WERE DOING FINE. WHO CARES ABOUT ALL THAT... SOME RANDOM BAND JUST STARTED AS EMILY AND I WALKED IN. THEN, LIKE, I DID SOMETHING. I NOTICED THE BELMONT PUNK-AS-DOOKIE CLAN SITTING IN THE EXACT SAME PLACE AS THE LAST TIME I WAS AT THIS JOINT. HOW SILLY? THEY PAY FROM $5 TO $6 TO GET IN HERE AND SIT AND SMOKE AND ACT LIKE SOME HUGE CONSPIRACY IS HAPPENING ALL AROUND THEM, OR AT LEAST WHEN "AS THE WORLD TURNS" TALK RUNS THIN I EXPECT. DUH... WELL, I GUESS IT'S CHEAPER THAN MEDUSAS TOO BAD PUNK BANDS DON'T DO 'CURE' COVERS, RIGHT? AND TOO BAD YOU CAN'T GET INTO THESE SHOWS WITH MOM AND DAD'S CREDIT CARD. SOME OTHER BAND WITH FRIENDS OF MINE IN IT PLAYED AND ONE OF THEM, LIKE, SAID, "IT'S NICE TO SEE THE FUCKEN DUNKIN DONUTS ON BELMONT AND CLARK IS EMPTY!" I DON'T THINK THEY GOT IT. I SAT DOWN WITH EMILY. THOSE FUCKING IDIOTS COME UP TO ME AND THIS CHEESY GOTH GIRL PRESENTS ME WITH ONE OF THE MORE 'INTELLEGENT' (YEAH... RIGHT) PUDS I TALKED WITH AS IF SHE HAD THE ONE CRUCIAL PIECE OF EVIDENCE AGAINST ME. "YEAH... SO?" I ASK. SHE PICKS UP A COPY OF THE 'ZINE' (GASP!) AND FUMBLES AROUND THE PAGES FOR A BIT TRYING TO FIND THE STORY. SHE MUST BE A <u>REAL</u> BRIGHT ONE, CONSIDERING THAT I SOLD HER TWO COPIES ALREADY AND I KNOW SHE'S READ THAT ARTICLE AT LEAST 5 TIMES. "UH... YER SO DUMB YOU NEED A CHAIR TO RAISE YER IQ!" SO THEY READ IT-<u>AGAIN</u>-WHILE I SAT THERE AND LAUGHED AT THEM. ANOTHER BAND PLAYED. THE LAST BAND HIT THE STAGE. ALL THE RETROPUNX, WHO GOT OUT THE OLD LEATHER, GOT PSYCHE'D (AFTER A LONG DAY OF ACCOUNTING). DUDE. I NEVER ONCE SAW THE BELMONT FASHION NINGCOMPOOPS LEAVE THEIR LITTLE AREA, EXCEPT ONCE TO STRECH THE OLD LEGS OUT. OH WELL, I NOW SEE THAT THEY NEVER LEAVE DUNKIN DONUTS, THEY JUST SOMETIMES PAY MORE MONEY TO TEMPORARILY MOVE LOCATIONS. OH... SKINHEADS ARE GEEKS. SOME OF THEM LOOK MORE LIKE CURLY OF THE THREE STOOGES THAN OTHERS. DID I MENTION THAT THE SHOW WAS FINE? GEEZ ARE SHOW REVIEWS DUMB...

THE MUSHUGANAS

Met a girl that damn near made drool, went out a few times and things seemed real cool. Unfortunately now I'm feeling like a fool; just found out about the man she has at school. How should I act? I don't know. My friends keep telling me to "dump that ho." But what do they know about girls anyway? I confronted her and her face turned red. "We can see other people" she said. Seemed rather simple, yet I still dread her first day of school as I lay alone in bed.

Recorded October, 1993 by Dave Martorana at Fat Recording in Addison, IL.

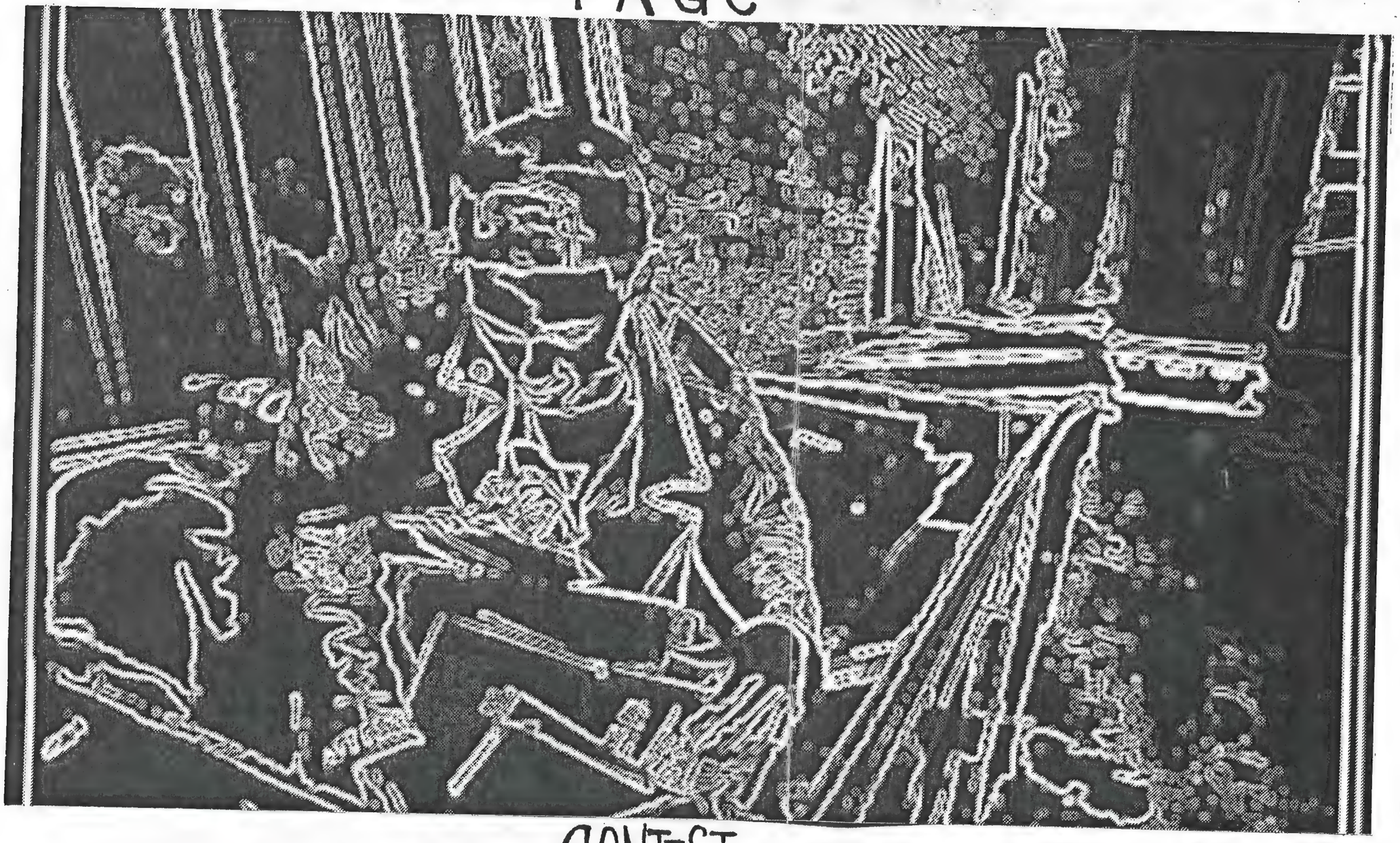
Thanks to all of our friends and families, Dave & Dumpsterland and Marc & Johann's Face.

"SHE'S GOT A MAN"

Write!
THE MUSHUGANAS
1018 Sunnymeade
DeKalb, IL 60115

THE MUSHUGANAS are:
Craig-Guitar/Vocals
Todd-Bass
Ebro-Drums
Joe-Guitar

MIDDLE PAGE



CAN **YOU** FIGURE **OUT** WHAT IS IN THIS PICTURE **?**

CONTEST

#SIX - RULES: IF YOU KNOW, YER NOT ELIGIBLE. WINNER IS DETERMINED BY LAST NAME

WELL... THIS IS THE END OF MRS. CAREALOT. THE FEAR OF BEING WAY TOO OVER-REPETATIVE AND THE FACT THAT NO ONE EVER WROTE IN ASKING QUESTIONS IS WHY IT'S OVER. ONE PERSON WROTE IN ONCE, BUT I LOST IT. OOPS. IN THE ODD CASE THAT YOU ACTUALLY LIKED THE SHIT IN HERE AND ARE SAD TO SEE IT GO, YOU HAVE ONLY YOU AND YOUR LAZY SELF TO BLAME.

OXOXOXOY DUMPSTERLAND...

Dear Mrs. Carealot,

Dear Mrs. Carealot,

A bunch of kids I know went vegan together a few weeks ago, and so did I. The problem is, people ask me why and I don't know what to say. What am I supposed to say? Because of my friends? Then everybody else would think I'm a weak follower. I just don't know. Help me, please...

S.O.S.

dear S.O.S.,

Well,since you obviously are a weak following piece of shit,you will need something really good. There is a religion, Harry Krishduh, which has similar beliefs, even though they eat tons of butter. But I can't think of any better excuse to make than,"It's against my religion..." If you're interested, there's a Harry Hotline: 1-900-I-CAN'T-STAND-ON-MY-OWN-HIND-LEGS ($10 first min., $5.78 each additional min.)

Dear Mrs. Carealot,

I fucking can't stand you! Why do you have to talk so much shit about the goth scene. You can't even begin to understand our problems. And when bands like the Cure can express those feelings then you have no right to make fun of that. What the fuck? You're almost as big a scene wrecker as that shithead Dave Dumpsterfuck. Man, my brother's a skinhead so you better shut your mouth.

I Wear Black, Jr.

dear I Wear Black, Jr.,

Oh golly! I'm sorry. I had no idea you fuckerz were still alive! Don't you listen to reason? Kill yourselves already! Get your 'pain' over with...i think I see a new connection here! Skinheads=dummies... Goth geeks=dummies...Hmmm, birds of a feather flock together I suppose.

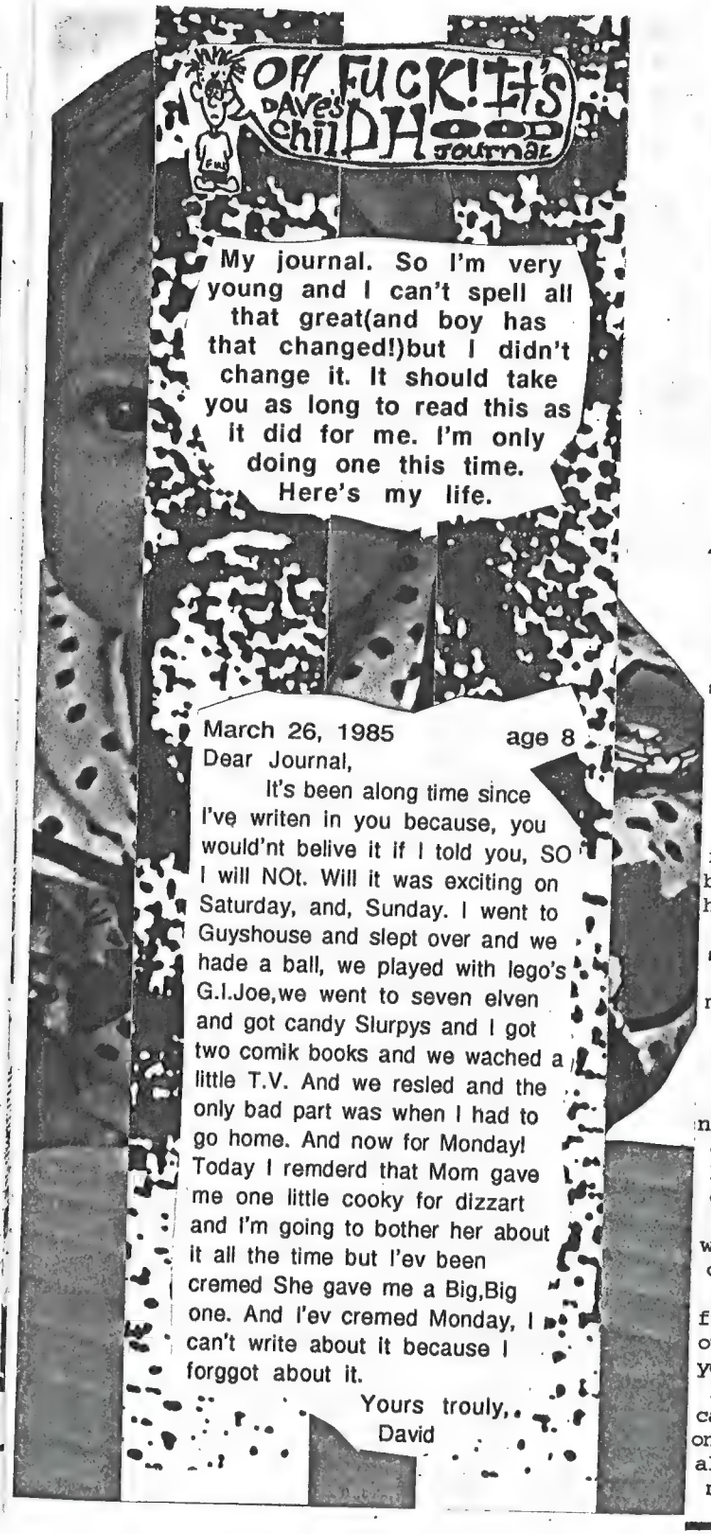
Dear Mrs. carealot,

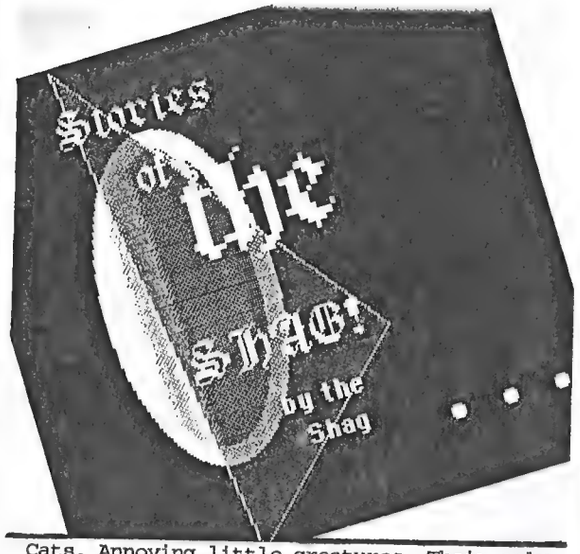
I think I'm gonna kill myself and my boyfriend. Our parents hate eachother. We figure it'd be just like Romeo & Juliet. Do you think we should?

Two lovebirds

dear Two lovebirds,

Yes, I do.





Cats. Annoying little creatures. Their only positive traits is that you leave them alone for countless hours, with a minimal amount of worry. Until you return home to find out what they have figured out. Once, I left home for several days and when I returned, I found that my cat had figured out how the kitchen faucet works. There was no plug in the sinks and he did it not for more than 10 min. before we came home(for the logical bastards...we know by looking at our water bill and seeing the amount was not very high)(Plus the water was not extremely cold). People say cats are good because they can go to the bathroom inside the house and you don't have to take them outside. However, when you take a dog out, the shit stays out there. Cats shit 24-7, and it stays in the house...until YOU move it. Dogs are much better than cats.(contrary to the belief of some misled British people). Dogs provide countless hours of entertainment for you and your companions. Cats just sit on their fat asses. Dogs provide someone to walk with at night(which can be a very good thing depending on where you might be living). Dogs eat more leftovers than cats do. Plus, in China, they eat them! Yet another use for dogs that cats cannot begin to compete with. Cats are worthless fur balls with no practical purpose or use in the world today as we know it. For that matter, they probably never will. The final factor is shit. Dogs go to the bathroom outside, and the smell stays out there. Cats, you've got that annoying litter box that sits inside. The smell...stays inside. Until you can the litter. And you have to do that about once a week. Week after week... Plus, think of all the cash that goes into that. Money money money. All down the drain. They just aren't worth the trouble.

FANZINE distribution

Fanzine distribution, good fanzine distribution is, was, and will for a long time be a hard thing to come by. But from what I've been seeing and getting into seems to say that this is changing.

Zines, punk and otherwise, have been getting a lot of pull in the past few months. It seems as if everyone is doing one and the media have finally taken notice. The result? Unfortunately, a mishap in what the definition of an actual 'zine' is got lost and now it's becoming harder and harder to get hold of one worth spit.

It would be self-righteous of me to define what is and isn't a good zine, but I always thought the whole process was one that should be done by someone who can write, or by someone who is interested in writing.

But this is not always the case. I think a lot of people are of the mind set that "if you can't play an instrument or sing then do a zine!!!"

That, in itself, is not a bad thing. Some truly brilliant writers may get a start through doing a punkzine, but it's not the only way to "support the scene." I have the solution...

Exclusive punkzine distributors! Why? When a good record comes out, there's no shortage of small-time pushers trying to get hold of maybe 5-25 copies of it, but when a good zine comes out, the person doing it spends the better half of their lives desperately trying to stay on top of the mailorder (instead of working on a new issue).

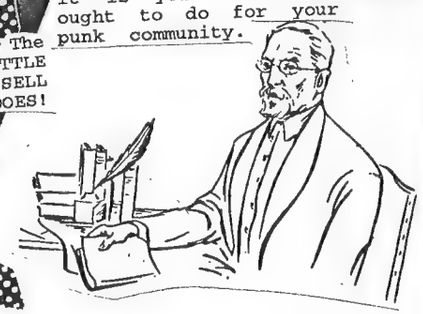
If there were more people willing and wanting to handle all that for zinesters, it would free up a lot of time for them to develop their writing and do a more frequent and better fanzine.

The problem is; MOST LITTLE KNOWN ZINES DON'T SELL LIKE A RECORD DOES!

People just aren't interested in reading what could very well be a pile of shit(or a goddamn masterpiece), and all it takes to know if a records good is the scent of hearing. It doesn't take a brain to like music for what it is. It does, however, take a brain to have a literary preference. Sooo.... with all these new zines around of so many degrees of good and bad, it's hard to know what's worth any of your spare change or not.

That's why punk needs, more than anything else right now, some reliable fanzine *only* distributors. From experience I know that a combo. record and zine distro. can only result in a pile of some great zines collecting dust. Why? I really don't know.

Why is it so much easier to put $3 on a chance than not even one fucking dollar? It's not that no one should do a zine and it's not that no one should buy records, but you shouldn't do a zine if you have no interest in writing and you shouldn't buy a record simply because 'it sounds cool'. And no one should ever do anything in the name of supporting some fucking scene if you have no *real* passion for what it is you think you ought to do for your punk community.



A lot of people say,"If you don't like my zine, than why don't you do your own, huh, you fuck?..." That's a crock of shit. Don't do a zine cuz so-and-so's an asshole with theirs. There are a lot of good zines around now, and if you really want to screw someone cuz of some zine, why not get the MORDAM of punkzines started and not help distribute his/hers? There's more to do than counter-attack or do a 'safe' zine and brag about how much money you loss on it.

Some fanzine distributors:

WOW COOL
48 Shattuck Sq. #109
Berkely, CA 94704
specialty: quality zines, comics, and "fun stuff". Direct to store. S.A.S.E. for catalog.

DRUNKEN SHAOLIN ZINE HEAP
PO Box 1014
Yonkers, NY 10704-1014
specialty: non-serious, sarcastic stuff. Sold at gigs in NY/NJ/CT. S.A.S.E. for list.

S.O.N.Y
(Society Of Nuclear Youth)
2108 Herley St.
Glenview, IL 60025
specialty: brand-new zine disrto. Small list, needs some GOOD zine's and a little help and understanding.

It doesn't take a dope to figure out that there are more zine-distro.'s than this(though not many I bet). These are a few that I know of and have good feelings about. They're more objective as to what they take, thus they have a better, more reliable selection of good stuff(the way ANY distro. should be).

pY PALS * * * * DUMPY PALS * * * * DuMPY PALS * * * *
therez not too manee new listin'z this tyme aruonde. Eye dno't no wheye, but bekuz of that I'am guhnna re-do a phew off thee old ones, butt onlee some uhv the onez that eye knoo r still in tha same locashon. If no one showz any more interest in thes for two much langr, i mite not doo et aneemor. That'is a thereat!

KNEW ONES KNEW ONEZ NEW 1'S KNEW S KnOW NonES Eeew one

Danielle Maroon - 23
1903 ALBEe St. Box 6
EuREka, CA 95501
L7, Tori Amos, Hole, 7 Year Bitch,Sonic Youth...
Bi, hair dye, piercings, kinky sex, cops, masturbation, writing, nighttime; these are a few of my favorite things.

Jenna Machura - 16
3706 Beech St.
Flossmoor, IL 60422
Smoking Popes, the Mushuganas, The Fighters,the Dead Milkmen, Echo & the Bunnymen...
I'm short and I luv Spaghetti-O's, Art, music, and I'm working on my zine "KILLJOY". Still ne ed more friends.

since thaa were kul enuff to be kneu everybahdee shud rite to them and send em lotsuv muney n sheet likee that man. Car u kuld send me somm kold hahrde cash insted and watev. dude. know, dont send mee munee tho.

HUMPY*SMALS*GRUMPEE*PALS*SLUMPY*PLAZ*JUMPEE*GALS*MUMPY
(these r a phew of the old farts of this fukn system.)

Bill Boulger
P.O.Box 40116
St.Paul,MN 55104
(612)642-9738
Born Against,Avail,Lincoln,The Clash,Underdog(plus a million others...)
SATAN

Bill Boulger
P.O.Box 40116
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Born Against,Avail,Lincoln,The Clash,Underdog(plus a million others...)
SATAN

ha ha aren't eye sooo damn fuking funny?.¿?!!?

name_____ phone(optional)_____ age(optional)_____
address_____ city_____ state_____ zip_____
5 favorite bands(only 5 please)_____
any additional comments or remarks of interest(20 words or less please!)_____

THA PURTIEST DUMPSTER AH EVER DUHNE SEEN!

-AN HISTORICAL ACCOUNT-

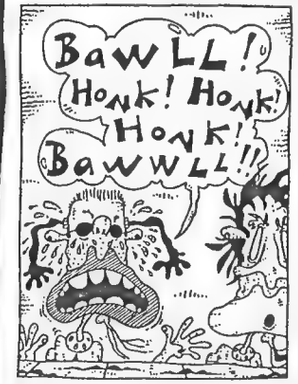
The last of our 40's slid down our throats and dribbled out of our mouths and onto a thirsty 'Misfits' t-shirt. I shrugged my shoulders. We both knew that all the malt liquor in the world wouldn't drown out the impending boredom which await us outside the haven of the foresty area alongside the 'L' tracks. I put my leather jacket over the rusted barbed wire fence which separated us for the outside world. I looked over my shoulder at my friend, Justin, and we hurtled our empty bottles over the fence as if they were grenades. I scrambled to the top of the fence, a train was coming. I reached the top and "CRASH...CRASH" I heard the bottles hit the ground, one after the other. The train squeaked to a stop and let off a few passengers. No one heard the slight laugh that escaped our mouth at how funny the broken bottles seemed to be. We headed over to all the local punk-rock hang-outs to try to fuck some shit up. Instead, all we found was 20 kids who wanted to drink coffee and play Spades. Nothing, it seemed, could satiate our need for excitement. Everyone and everything is so lame, I heard myself thinking as I lit up a smoke. It was the last one between us. The streets were empty. No jocks to beat the shit outta us, no bums to talk drunk with, no cops to provoke and chase us for a few hours until the alcohol wore off. Nothing. We combed the streets, expecting that something huge was waiting for us just around the corner. It wasn't. Disappointed, we headed down an alley. We passed a monstrous dumpster full of little roll of paper. I glanced over at Justin, and he looked at me. With one big push, we hoisted ourselves into this miniature football field. We were surrounded with paper! Things were starting to look up. For about an hour we dumped old receipts on top of one another. We grabbed a bunch of extras and headed out to relate our incredible find to our more sober friends. No one was very interested. Some excuse for a punk scene, I thought. On the way back, we went through an alley full of small garbage cans. Justin leaped inside and I slammed shut the top, leaned it back(as it was on wheels)and ran him into a light pole. "Ugh...Fuck you!" I heard him groan and I took off. He was hot on my tail when I turned around, only to smash into a small conglomeration of garbage cans myself. I felt a garbage bag full of something a little bit ripe slam into my back. "Oh man," he said, "that shit STINKS!" I looked up. A full pack of cigarettes lay before me that someone had thrown out. We went back to the football field dumpster, not as drunk as before, two smelly little fucks who had to piss real bad. The night rolled to an end and we hopped onto the train going opposite directions. It was the last time we would get drunk, or dumpster together ever again. He doesn't have time for punk anymore. At least my last memory for him was a good one. That's more than I can say for a lot of people. Good bye Justin.

Featuring:

Sometimes the struggle to win Great Honors in Life can be a lonely one leading to much pain and personal Suffering. And you know, Sometimes You just want to sit down and have a good cry! You can't help it! Let us take a moment to witness the terrible emotional costs to our 2 punk rock princesses as they fight on to see just exactly who will be

Queen of the Scene!

Also Featuring:



ACETYLSALICYLICACID xoxoxo

the Bollweevils "Chicago" EP $3.5ppd As all Bollweevil recordings go from my expierence, it's a damn good record! There's one solid hit on the A-side which kicks! Totally great. The B-side goes,in order,good to o.k.. I like this, and it's a must for any fan of either the Bollweevils or Chi town!(Dr. Strange Records/Po Box 7000-117/Alta Loma, CA 91701)

The Bloody Coathangers "Bloody Entertainment" EP $3ppd Standard punk sludge rock. MRR said it's boring. I'm inclined to agree with them.(Will I. Survive? Records/Po Box 2065/Northlake, IL 60164)

Jumpknuckle "Pariah" EP $3ppd While someone somewhere might like this, I didn't. Annoying "I wish I was in Fugazi"stuff I've heard a zillion times before done way better. Sorry, but I am not into this kinda trash.(SubFusc/Po Box 9631/Downers Grove, IL 60515)

Juggernaut "Black Pagoda" CD This really fucking sucks. Really.(Pandemonium,Inc.)

Apocalypse Hoboken "Superincredible-heavydutydudes" CD $8ppd 15 songs, all of which sample SO many styles of music, and sometimes, different qualities of recording, it's hard to say if I liked it or not. But, I actually did like most of it, with the exception of about 3 songs. Hell, I mighta even had bought it if I did not get if for free!(Dyslexic Records /90 Brookside Dr./Roselle,IL 60172)

the Fighters "Breaking Bones for Laughs" EP $3ppd Hey alright! A hugh step up from their 1st one. Jason yells more which sounds a lot better and the music strays away from the standard pop-punk and into a Chicagoee sound. Including some rad packaging, this is a pleasant surprise.(Rocco Records 2427 So. 58th Ct./Cicero,IL 60650)

Greenhouse and the Tender JuJu Coins "Open 24 Hours" CD $9ppd Starts off kinda slow and boring but picks it up into a full-on skank-city ska. There seems to be a strong Star Wars infatuation. Dopey lyrics make this listenable.(c/o Rick Chlebos/5601 Grovesdale Lane/Rolling Meadows,IL 60008)

Slapshot "live at SO 36" CD $? The coiners of hockey-gear and sxe and other junk, now label mates with Murphy's Law? Funny. Anyway, this isn't bad, especially for a live recording. Hmm. ..I wonder if they planned this and played extra good for it!?! Sounds as if it was a pretty good show, though.(We Bite America...)

Angerhouse "this is not rock n' roll" 3-sided 2X7" $4ppd Local heros turned local legend. This ingenious package documents it appropriatly. Long overdue, it closely captures their live energy(which doesn't seem possible). The way this was put together is absolutly incredible! Lyrically, it's a giant leap ahead of all the shit HC we all know and hate. Fuckin' fantastic! 5 stars...(Mustard Music/Po Box 581245/Mpls.,MN 55406)

Mulkiteo Fairies "Special Rites" EP $3ppd These guys delivered one of the best live shows I ever seen ever! This 7" rules! You could compare it to Filth in a way. The songs are longer than on their 1st 7", and not one of them is a flop! Dang...this is great!(Kill Rock Stars/120 ne state #418/ Olympia, Wa 98501)

EARPLUGS AND DEAFNESS (STUFF I NEED FOR RECORD REVIEWS ...)

Mothers Day "Under Which Flag?" 2X7" $5? At moments it's almost comparable to 8-Bark, in music and tightness, but I wouldn't want to insult 8-Bark. Cuz all this is, I realized, is artsy-fartsy @n@rchist'barrier-breaking'shit that did nothing good for me.(Project A Bomb/Po Box 4233 Industrial Station/St.Paul, MN 55104)

v/a Born Against/Man Is The Bastard split 8" $5? This is what you might expect from these two bands on this label. Born Against rage through a few awesome songs. MITB have that total Vermiform sound with a very dirty, dirgy HC rar. Obviously,this kicks a lotta ass!(Vermiform/PO Box 12065/Richmond, VA 23241)

the Showcase Showdown "chickens" EP $3ppd This has got to be the dumbest name for a band I've ever heard! Which is really too bad cuz they're not half bad! Kind of a rockibillyesque thing going on and a high-pitched singer who reminds me of someone else I can't remember. Not bad, but ditch the lame name...please!!!(23 Pomeroy Street/Allston, MA 02134)

v/a Viva Chicago EP $3ppd This is a split with 88 Fingers Louie and the Bolweevils. It's also a tribute to their favorite Chicago bands. While I'd normally hate something like this, the bands did their covers well enuff that I actually didn't h8 it!(Rocco Records/2427 So. 58th Ct./Cicero,IL 60650)

Bored to Death s/t EP $3ppd So far, Recess Records has been 100% infallible! This one has screeching female vocals over fucking rad music. Although the lyrics are pretty angst-ridden, it left me nastalgic for the old basement days of punk. Solid and more than worth while to obtain.(Recess Records/Po Box 1112/Torrance,CA 90505)

The Tourettes "Hidden Keys to Loving Relationships" EP $3ppd With Janelle of Tales Of... Blarg! zine, comes forth what I suppose Raool might sound like in about 2-3 years. That's good. Pretty rad lyrics about shitty relationships, selling out to work in a café,etc. Get this cuz I said so...(Lookout!)

Diesel Queens "The Wanderer b/w Codpiece Nation" 7" $3? I never thought I'd see the day when SF TRI would put out something that I actually like! 2 songs bent on offending quant pieces-of-pooh. Codpiece Nation could easily become the next punk anthem.Fukn tough! Worthy of a billion listens.(Sympathy for the Record Industry)

Scared of Chaka s/t EP $3ppd While I've listened to this a buncha times, I can't seem to really get into it. It's not bad, in fact it's pretty good, but as a warning, if you buy it, you might not listen to it very often.(307 Columbia SE/Alb.,N.M. 87106)

Oblivian "Stop Thief" LP $7ppd Described as 'near psychedelic punk" this surprised me! It's got a gazillion songs and I like almost everyone of them!And I'm very picky about what I do and don't like, but this is a solidly good full-length. The end was a bit wacked, but I'll forgive em. The CD has both 7" as well(for $10).(JoHanns Face Records/PO Box 479-164/Chicago, IL 60647)

EYE STRAIN, MIGRAIN xoxoxo

NO SHOES NO SHIRT NO SERVICE #4 $1.50ppd Oh man! This is one funny zine! There's a rad story about the ComiCon thing and a great many other things. You may not believe this, but the poetry in here is actually good! Good as in funny, that is. Punk rock haikus, how can you go wrong? Awesome.(Rocco/2427 So. 58th Ct./Cicero,IL 60650)

MUDLARK #1 $1ppd A decent 1st issue. Better layout than the bulk of 1st's I've seen lately. Could use some more focus and no more poetry, but I guess it shows some promise.(73 S. Lodge Ln./Lombard,IL 60148)

KUMQUAT #4 $1ppd Ahh..Now this is more like it. After reading 5 really bad zines, this is my light at the end of the tunnel. Well writen, funny(sometimes) stories. Original interviews, and just an all around feel-good punkzine. Leaves you with that certain feeling I cannot describe.(PO Box 851/Bloomingdale,IL 60108-0851)

I GOT A SNAKE #2 .50¢ Geez... why are there sooo many really bad zines? This is so totally pointless, I don't even know where to begin. This sucks.The end.Oh, it seems funny that for someone who pretends to ha te Nirvana so much knows this many quotes from their songs. (5144 W. Strong/Chicago,IL 60630)

EXCITABLE UNDERWEAR #4 $1ppd? Snazzy! Printed with a 2 color cover and chuck full-o stuff. This time 'round there's more stories and personal writings. A ton of reviews of sorts(ie shows,zines,etc.)and an interview with Rancid.(PO Box 429115 Cincinnati,OH 45242)

LITTLE PIECES OF TAPE #1 $? Not too bad, I think. Some of the stories are a little bit too neurotic, and some is a little too standard,but some isn't too bad. My only suggestion would be don't try to be so artsy with words so much, it's frustrating and annoying to read, and it doesn't make me 'think'.(Further Beyond/1210 gregory pl./Downers Grove,IL 60515)

RIOP #7 $1ppd Graphically, it's computered simplicity. Content, it's hangin' out, it's bein'punk,it's coffee, it's traveling,etc. If any of this is what you like, then you will like this.Oh yeah, reviews too.(Route 2, Box 438/Leeds,AL 35094)

FUNERAL/DEATH THREAT #7/#5 split $1? Funeral is the definite stand-out here. A totally rude, offensive, & fucking hillarious few pgs. I laughed pretty hard, man. Death Threat, while not en tirly bad, was an interview with GRIEF and a letter.Get this for the Funeral side, trust me.(1523 Western Ave. /Waukegan,IL 60085)

Snapcase "lookinglasself" Cass/Lp $??? I think that is a pretty dumb title... This is a very heavy album, I suppose. My biggest complaint is the one really annoying Ministry-esque shit song. Dude,industrial...Bill told me he thought that this was the heaviest record he'd got for a long time. This is probably the heaviest any thing I've ever owned. As far as HC goes.(Victory Records)

TAPES

Blank Expression tape 3 stamps Well, the price is right, and the music is underproduced fuckin' P-U-N-K. My favorite being the sing-song C-Town Punks. A true anthem.(225, E.New Hampshire St.#17/ Orlando,FL 32804)

Unemployed tape $2? The thing about demos is that they should always have lyrics. Oh well. This is not horrible, but not tremendous either. What this bend needs is a few totally raging hits to be memorable. Sounds good though.(no address-tisk tisk tisk)

TAPES

AND NO INTELLECTUAL GAIN (Results of Doing zine Reviews ...)

GRANNY"S BATCH OF REALLY NIFTY COOKIES #1 .50¢ Fuck. Some zines have a certain nack for being a total waste of paper. Case in point. As if the names not dumb enuff, there's nothing in here worth any redeming value. Some of the most horribly done interviews I've ever seen and LAME reviews(one of which is Nirvana, dude). Good garbage can filler. (488 Greenbay Rd./Highland Park, IL 60035)

SKATE MY MATTRESS #2 2 stamps? Well well well. The funniest zine on the planet has done it again! This time it's got an ass theme(as in yer buttocks). Funny funny...But wait! There just so happens to be a submission by yours truly! I just wish I had known it was a theme issue, cuz man do I have a lot to say about butts!(PO Box 80183/Seattle,WA 98108)

TROUBLE IN RIVER CITY #5/6 $2ppd To call this zine thick would be an understatement. It's HUGE! Hardly no ads, just pages and pages of well-written, thought provoking essays, very well done interviews and an account of the Dummyroom thing. Get this, definetly.(PO Box 5202/St.Louis,MO 63139)

JOHNNY ON THE SPOT sampler S.A.S.E. short and sweet. In only 12 pages, Bill somehow pulls off 3 comics, a couple of stories and 3 pages of reviews. Wow. Not bad at all.(118 Surrey Lane /Lake Forest,IL 60045)

ROTTEN CHEEZ #4 $1ppd Okay, any zine which says the same thing on too many pages, has some maturing to do. But hey come on! This is issue #4! By now it should be tolerable or at least readable! Recipes straight outta a cookbook? Come on already. Geez,if yer gonna charge a buck, make it worth it...(534 Judson/Evanston,IL 60202)

LINT SCREEN #5 $1ppd It's getting better! This time it's all Christine's doing and there is a lot more writing although the copy quality seems to have gone down a little bit. Still too many pictures, but it actually is worth getting. (1764 Elgin St./Chesterton, IN 46304)

DORK BOOK #1 50¢ or 2 stamps This is really fucking good! There's a long story about being in the military(scary) and the death of his grandpa. The biggest standout being the total feeling of complete honesty. Reviews of zines and a show or two. Coffee+love+travel+I like it a lot. Can't wait for #2(PO Box 30/Elizabethtown,PA 17022-0030)

COMETBUS #32 $2ppd No, I didn't get this sent to me, but this issue is so fucking incredible,i had to tell you about it. It is something of an autobiography of a few years of Aaron's life. He says it's his first novel. I think the biggest standout here is that Aaron is a really good writer. DO NOT PASS THIS UP!!! (Wow Cool/48 Shattuck Sq. Box 149/Berkeley,CA 94704)

fernzine #6 2 stamps? Kim puts these out faster than I can say dookie. This is what you'd expect from an issue of fern, in that "I didn't expect that"sorta way. Very introspective and very personal. There's some really good stuff in here. Definetly not a zine to be overlooked.(PO Box 576/ Normal,IL 61761)

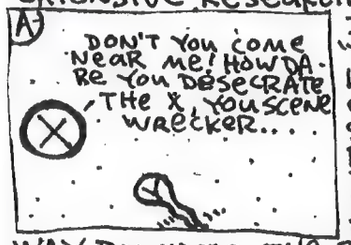
IT'S AMAZING! DISCOVERIES

WITH: THE DUMPSTERLAND REASERCH TEAM...

IN: X STRATE-EDGE X VS. X SCIENCE X

THE EVER BUSY DUMPSTERLAND RESEARCH TEAM-ALPHABET DIVISION HAS, YET AGAIN, REACHED ANOTHER~AMAZING DISCOVERY~! THROUGH INTENSIVE AND EXTENSIVE RESEARCH + EXPEREMENTATION IN THE 'X' AND 'Y' FIELDS CONCERNING THE STRANGE CONCOCKSION AKA STR8-EDGE, IT HAS BEEN CONCLUDED THAT THIS PROBLEM IS VERY DEEPLY ROOTED. ALL THE WAY DOWN TO THE BASICS. YES... THE CHROMOSOMES. EVER WONDER WHY THERE ARE SO MANY MORE MALE STR8-EDGERS THAN FEMALE? WELL... THE GENETIC MAKE-UP OF A BOY IS XY. A GIRL IS XX. SO, AS WE CAN PLAINLY SEE, GIRLS ARE INNATELY MORE STR8-EDGE THAN BOYS. OR AT LEAST IN THE 'EDGE' MUTANT BREED OF HUMANS. WE TRIED USING PUNK GENES AS A CONTROL GROUP (SEE DIAGRAM B), UNSUCCESSFULLY. SO WHY AREN'T THERE MORE SXE GIRLS THAN BOYS? WE ASK, WHY ARE THERE ANY SXE GIRLS AT ALL? THROUGH PSYCHOLOGICAL STUDY, IT WAS FOUND THAT SINCE GIRLS ARE SO MUCH MORE IN TOUCH WITH THE 'X', DOWN TO EVERY CELL IN THEIR BODIES, THEY HAVE LESS OF A NEED OR URGE TO TERM THEMSELVES AS STR8-EDGE. THEY ALREADY KNOW THEY ARE, TOTALLY! MALES SOMETIMES COME TO REALIZE JUST WHY THEY FEEL SO LACKING, IT'S THAT EXTRA-LINE! 'HARD-LINE' SXE IS MOST IN TUNE WITH THEIR DEFIENCY. THUS, IT'S A HARD-LINE TO GET. SXE MALES KNOW THAT THEY ARE INFERIOR TO GIRLS IN STRONESS. THEY THOUGHT THAT CALLING THEMSELVES "STRAIGHT-EDGE" WOULD MAKE UP FOR THE LOSS. IT DIDN'T. THEY THOUGHT THAT PUTTING 2 "X"'S ON THEIR HANDS MIGHT POSSIBLY MAKE UP FOR THE DIFFERENCE. BUT IT SEEMS TO NOT HAVE BEEN ENOUGH. IN THE 80'S, THESE GUYS TRIED TO IGNORE THEIR PROBLEM, TO REJECT IT THROUGH ACTING HELLUV MACHO AND NOT LETTING TOO MANY FEMALES INTO THEIR CLUB (EXCEPT FOR A VERY FEW AS ICONS). SOMETIMES, EVEN TODAY, YOU WILL SEE THIS ATTITUDE IN A SECTION AT STR8-EDGE GATHERINGS WHERE THE BOYS BANG AROUND IN A WAY, NOT UNLIKE THAT OF WHAT YOU SEE ON A FOOTBALL FIELD, SYMBOLICALLY THREATENING TO FEMALES. THAT DIDN'T WORK EITHER THOUGH. THE NEW THING BECAME "EQUAL RIGHTS." EQUAL RIGHTS HAS 2 MAJOR ADVANTAGES. 1) THE GIRLS MAY LOSE THEIR X AND THEN EVERYONE WILL BE LACKING, AND 2) EQUAL RIGHTS GIVES THE BOYS A CHANCE TO TURN THEIR 'Y' INTO AN 'X'! THEN THE BOYS COULD BE JUST AS X-ORIENTED AS THE GIRLS. EQUALITY MEANS AN EQUAL CHANCE TO BE MORE FEMININE AND HENCE, MORE SXE! AMAZING!...

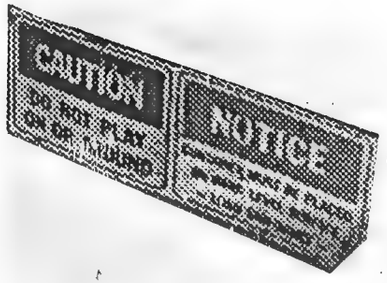
A



B

DUMPSTERLAND SAYS,

REDEFINING PUNK ROCK SINCE THE STONE AGE



NO EMPATHY

NO EMPATHY There i go
AGAIN tryin to Do Right
and wrong ALOT But
Tryin Nonetheless Cause
What else is There to do?
Die? So Kill me FOR
Tryin!! Write: NO
EMPATHY
P.O. Box 479164
CHICAGO IL. 60647

NO EMPATHY

- TOUR DIARY PART II -

PHOTO TAKEN FROM D-LAND 1994 CALENDAR - BY KIM

NO EMPATHY TOUR DIARY PART II

"Naked Leprechaun Astronauts" and Whotta burger

Friday Jan. 21st. Fort Worth.

Arrived at Mad Hatters, a cool cafe-type restaurant and it was getting warmer. They gave us food and even a house to stay in! We played with Beowulf from L.A. who were cool, gave us joints, had their clothing line, and played Japan(twice even!). The crowd was good n' large and we jammed hard to a good response. At a coffee house nearby a crazy old coot told us,"Yep. Texas hospitality. Nice to ya by day, bushwhack ya at night!"

Saturday Jan. 22nd. Houston.

We were going to play with old skool punkers, D.I. so we figured this would be fun. It was at Goats Head Soup which I heard later burned to the ground after Rancid played there. This turned out to be hell. We played at 150 mph and went thru an hours worth of material in 35 minutes and had to scrape the bottom of the barrel for goofy tunes and Chucks amp was fuking up. Chuck broke his guitar full in half(to the crowds delight)and threw it. We all said fuck youse and walked off to fist fight each other. Instead, we talked it out and decided to get drunk instead. Houston is insane. You can drink openly on the streets and the whole show was fucked up. We saw one guy walking around with a shotgun and when D.I. played people(skins)beat the shit out of each other and the bouncers. It was fukin melee city! We got our money and hightailed it outta there. I later heard Houston is Texas' murder capital.

Saturday Jan. 29th. El Paso.

In between Houston and here we played Austin and Albuquerque. Both were good, uneventful shows. Austin was full of overly cute overly nice people and was kickass. We stayed with legendary zinester, Lanie the Oyster. In Albuquerque it was eighty degrees in the city and twenty minutes up the mountain there was 2 feet of snow. Weird to say the least. In El Paso we were supposed to play this metal club, but when we go there, the local band, V.B.F., were packin up. They told us that the show was supposed to be all ages but the club had changed their tune and now it was 18 and over so they were going across town to play in a garage and we could come if we wanted. So we said 'fuck this place' and bailed out to play in a garage. It was great. A hundred kids all packed into a little garage and maybe 30 more outside smoking pot and looking in through the windows. I sang thru an amp with a one-foot mic cord and everybody knew our songs which shocked us and we had a great time. Brian from Horace Pinker set this one up and kudos go out to him and his kick ass band.

Friday Feb. 4th Los Angeles.

Before this we played San Diego and Palm Desert where we climbed mountains and saw Schindler's List in an old folx resort where all the oldsters were baling in unison at the movie cause I guess they were all there. Except one lady who was snoring like mad. In L.A., we played at Al's Bar which is a crazy cool dive by Little Tokyo. We

played and stayed with our buds. Those kooky nuts, Popdefect. We had a great show and then went to a total Beverley Hills bondage party, full of hip folx and here we are, a so un-hip Duh Potato Punk Rawk band. They said, "Wow, I didn't think people played that kinda music anymore. You guys are so cute!" Then there was a big hipster brawl. The next day we went to lunch with the kids from "Ben Is Dead" who are funny as hell.

Saturday, Feb. 5th. Riverside.

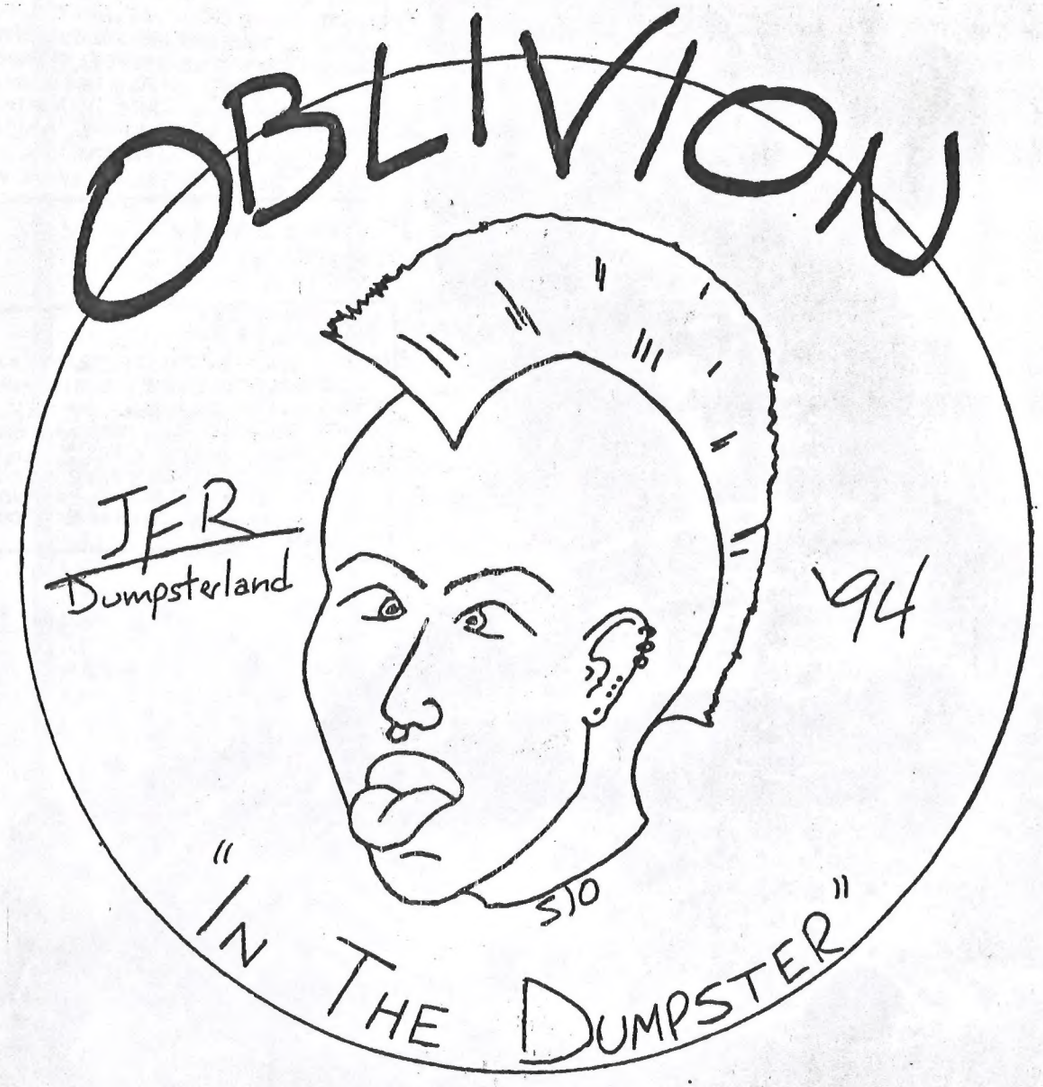
Played at "Cheap Guys Music". The store owned by the Voodoo Glow Skulls. Great crowd, cool store, and the Voodoo Glow Skulls are the best. Riverside has a great scene and a lot of diverse bands.

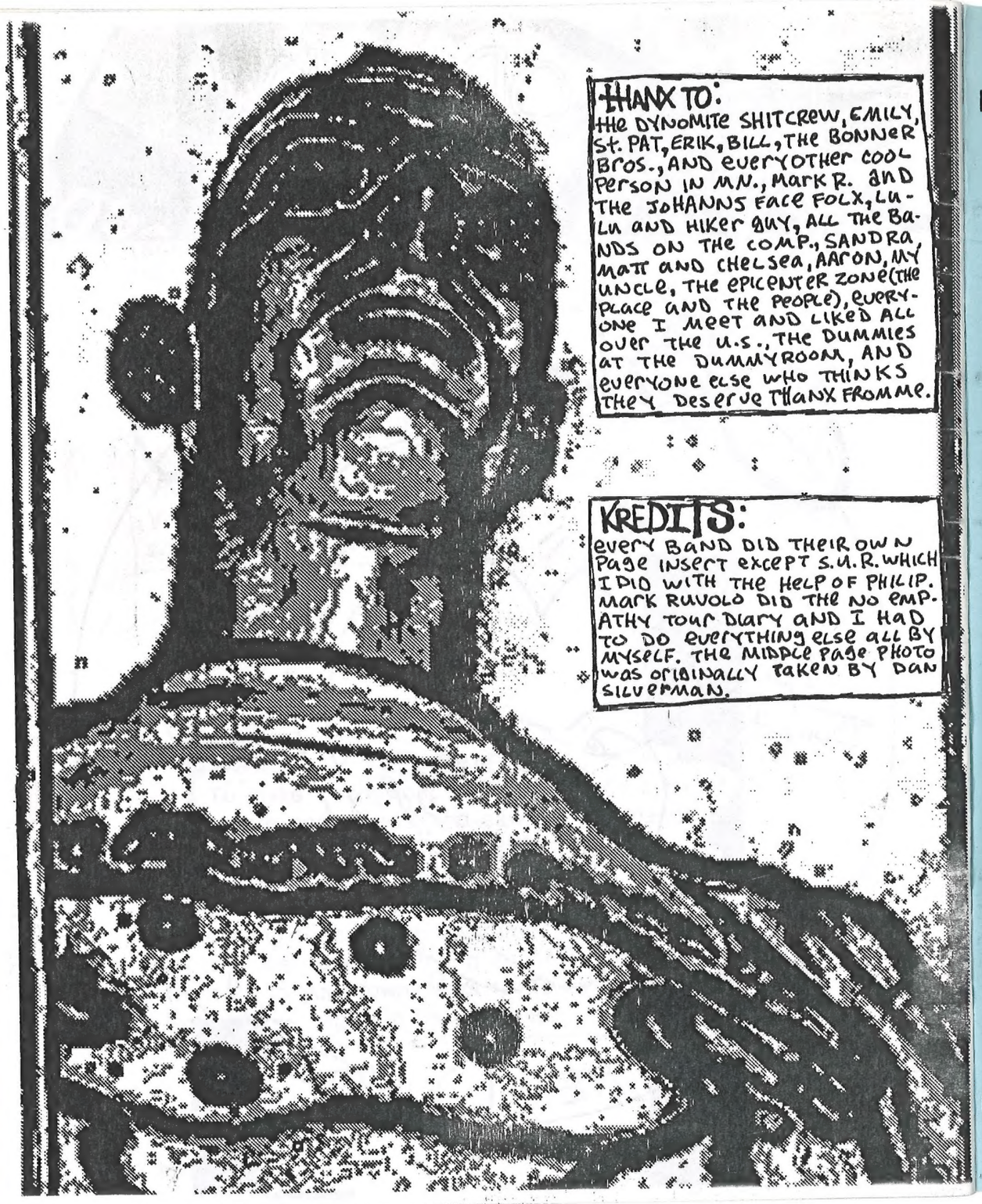
THE WRAP-UP:

To make a long tour short, we played a bunch more cool shows and saw all our friends.

HIGHLIGHTS:

Playing with Victims Family and Fitz of Depression at a cool bar called Hap's in Pleasanton, CA. And playing Gilman with J-Church. Every band should tour, it is the most fun thang in the world. If you want us to come to your town, write to us as we head out west again in Feb. 95'. See ya!





THANX TO:

the DYNOMITE SHITCREW, EMILY, St. PAT, ERIK, BILL, the BONNER BROS., AND everyother COOL person IN MN., Mark R. and the JOHANNS FACE FOLX, LULU and HIKER GUY, ALL the BANDS ON the COMP., SANDRA, MATT and CHELSEA, AARON, MY UNCLE, the EPICENTER ZONE (the place AND the PEOPLE), everyone I meet AND LIKED ALL over the U.S., the DUMMIES at the DUMMYROOM, AND everyone else who THINKS they Deserve THANX FROM ME.

KREDITS:

every BAND DID their own page insert except S.U.R. WHICH I DID WITH the HELP OF PHILIP. Mark RUVOLO DID the NO EMPATHY tour Diary AND I HAD TO DO everything else all BY MYSELF. the MIDDLE page PHOTO was ORIGINALLY taken BY DAN SILVERMAN.

OKAY. LIKE I SAID, I'M NOT RUNNING ADS ANYMORE. NOT FOR FREE AND NOT FOR SALE. ORIGINALLY, THIS WAS GOING TO BE AN ALL DUMPSTERING ISSUE BUT THEN THE 7" THING came TOGETHER. SO THE TOTAL TRASH ISSUE WILL BE #8 AND I WILL STILL BE TAKING STORIES FOR IT. #8 IS THE LAST CHANCE TO HAVE AN AD OR TO PLUG SOMETHING. CUZ IF YOU WRITE A STORY, A CARTOON, etc. THEN IT'S OKAY. THERE'S BACK ISSUES OF #6 FOR 2 BUCKS POSTPAID STILL AROUND. IF YA WANT AN EARLIER ISSUE, I DON'T HAVE ANY. BUT I COULD XEROX OFF A COPY FOR YOU. JUST ADD UP .05 CENTS PER PAGE AND PUT IN SOME EXTRA POSTAGE CASH. #3 HAS 30PGS, #4 HAS 24PGS, AND #6 HAS 22PGS. POSTAGE IS AROUND SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS. ALSO, IF YOU WRITE ME, THE BEST WAY TO GET A RESPONSE IS TO SEND A STAMP CUZ I'M NOT RICH PLUS THEN I KNOW YOU WANT ME TO WRITE BACK. DUDE!

END NOTES:

- A LOT OF PEOPLE REALLY DUG MY 'BELMONT AND CLARK' CASE STUDY THING. I WANTED TO DO ANOTHER ONE, BUT THOSE DORKS SAW LAST ISSUE AND ARE SORTA PISSED AT ME. SO, I DOUBT THAT THEY'LL LET ME 'INTERVIEW' EM ANY MORE, OR AT LEAST FOR A WHILE... IT'S FUNNY... I DIDN'T THINK THEY READ.
- SPEAKING OF PISSING PEOPLE OFF... I REALLY OUT DID MYSELF LAST ISSUE! ALMOST everyone I WANTED TO HATE ME HATES ME! UNFORTUNATLY, I DIDN'T MEAN TO PISS OFF THE CINCINNATI PUNX - SPECIFICALLY MR. + MRS. FUNGUS "THE COUPLE!" I WROTE "FUCK" BUT I SHOULD'VE WROTE SOMETHING ELSE. GRANTED THAT WAS MY IMPRESSION, BUT THEIR FEELINGS EXCLUDED ME. SORRY AND THANX TO THEM. NEXT TIME I'LL REMEMBER TO THINK A LITTLE MORE BEFORE I WRITE SOMETHING I DON'T INTEND.
- SPEAKING OF THE WORD FUCK... MR. FUNGUS IS A VERY ZEALOUS USER OF IT, THUS MAKING HIM A TRUE-TO-THE-HEART PUNK SINGER! (I JUST CAN'T KEEP MY FUCKEN PEN SHUT!)
- DON'T BOTHER ASKING FOR MRS. CAREALOT TO COME BACK. I DON'T DO 'POPULAR DEMAND' SHIT. SHE'S GONE. YOUR FAULT!
- IF YOU THINK THAT MY 'FANZINE DISTRO.' ARTICLE HAD A MOTIVE OF DUMPSTER AND GETTING BETTER CIRCULATION OR SOMEONE ELSE TO HANDLE MAILORDER FOR ME, YOU'RE RIGHT. P.S. THAT'S ANOTHER HINT.
- BEFORE YOU CALL ME A MONEY-GRUBBING FUCK WHO JUST WANTS TO SELL MORE ZINES, KNOW THAT WHAT I MEAN IS THAT ALL I WANT TO DO IS WRITE, NOT SEND OUT ZINES FOR HOURS AND HOURS TO EVERYWHERE. I JUST WANT TO WRITE, DO NEW ISSUES AND LET SOMEONE WHO WANTS TO FILL ORDERS OUT, FILL MY ORDERS OUT, TOO!
- I DID A LOT MORE STUFF ON A COMPUTER FOR THIS ISSUE, THOUGH I DON'T KNOW IF I'D SAY I'VE JOINED RANKS WITH THE NEO-LUDITES... COMPUTERS ARE STRANGE THINGS...

NOTICE

CONTAINER MUST BE PLACED ON HARD LEVEL SURFACE

- LOAD UNIFORMLY -

A Side :

-Small Unfriendly Rodents-
-athlete's foot-

-The Mushuganas-
-she's got a man-

-The Rejected-
-my teacher sucks-

B Side:

-No Empathy-
-there i go again-

-Oblivion-
-in the dumpster-

JOHANNS FACE RECORDS
P.O. Box 479-164
Chicago, IL 60647